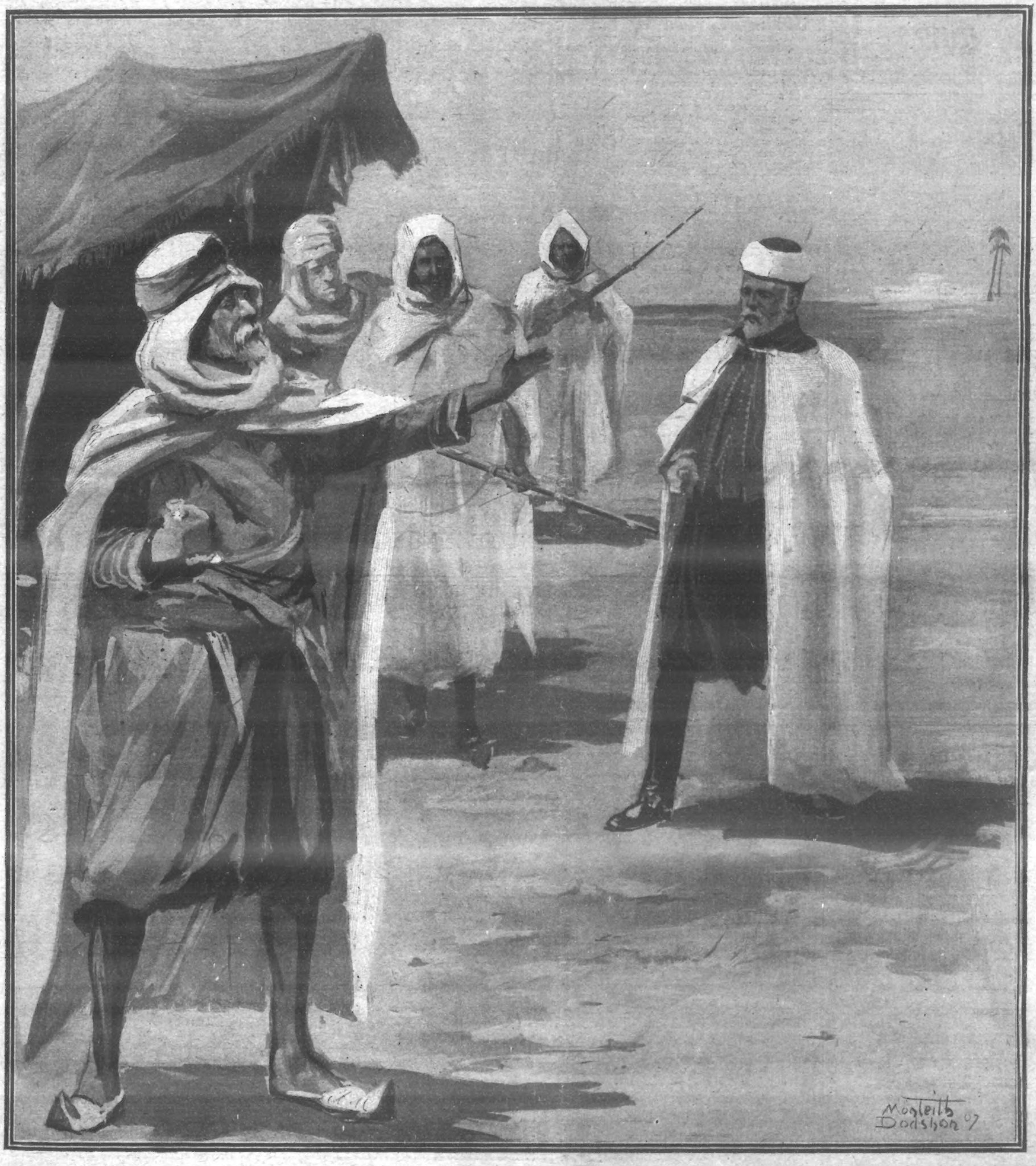
No. 2407.—Vol. 94. JULY 13, 1907.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.



KAID MACLEAN FALLS A VICTIM TO RAISULI'S TREACHERY.

Sir Harry Maclean, Commander of the Sultan of Morocco's troops, lies a prisoner in the camp of the brigand chief Raisuli, who is holding him for ransom. The capture of the Kaid was effected by the grossest treachery on the part of the brigand chief. He asked Sir Harry to show his confidence in him by riding out to his camp at Hkmass without a large bodyguard of troops. Sir Harry went attended by only four men, and Raisuli made him prisoner at once. Curiously enough, the Kaid's mission was one from the Sultan to arrange terms for Raisuli's pardon. The brigand chief now believes that he can dictate his own terms.

The People's
Medicine
for Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Head ache, Wind, Dizziness and pains in the chest and back; the medicine that sets your stomach right and cleanses your blood of all impurities is
MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP
The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

CHILDREN SLEEP WELL
when they are healthy and their food is doing its proper work.
THE BEST FOOD IS
NEAVE'S FOOD
which for more than 80 years has helped to preserve and build up the young life of the Country. When prepared according to the directions given, it is *A Complete Diet for the Infant*, as also for *the Aged and the Infirm*. Easily digested and assimilated by the most delicate Infant.
In 1/- & 2/6 Tins; also 4d. Packets.
Write for "Hints About Baby," by a Trained Nurse. Postcard to JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. Fordingbridge, via Salisbury.

PHIT FOOT
BOOTS TO MEASURE
Direct from Factory will save you
25 PER CENT.
Hand-Sewn Welted 13/6
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Measurement Form.
BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY,
RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTON
Depots: St. Peter's Square, Nottingham; New County Arcade, Leeds; 43, Savile St., Hull.
13/6 THE BOOT
HAND SEWN WELTED

LASCELLES & CO., Ltd.,
MAYBURY STUDIOS,
WILLESDEN HIGH ROAD, N.W.,
Photographers,
Photo-Mechanical Etchers,
Engravers and
Copper-Plate Printers.

All Inquiries re Advertisements should be addressed to
THE MANAGER,
"P.I.P." Advertisements,
12 Norfolk St., Strand, W.C.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Does Charity go Astray?

FOR.

AT the present day, there is no object that cannot be accomplished, no matter how gigantic, in the name of Charity. There are also thousands of charitable objects that are never achieved because they are not gigantic enough. Giving in shillings has become one thing, giving in millions another.

It has recently been said that more money is now spent in benevolent work than at any period in the history of this country. How can we reconcile this fact with another—namely, that there is now more suffering, more starvation and nakedness among the poor and the aged than we can contemplate without sad misgivings that, to a dangerous extent, charity does go astray?

The whole error in the present method in which charity is applied lies in the simple truth that those who open their purses want "a show for their money." To go round quietly with the hat on the impulse of the moment no longer meets the views of the charitable world. But hang up designs for a magnificent palace for the poor, guarantee every giver publicity in clear print, dangle before the highest bidder the possibility of a pedestal upon which he may be enviously perched, and cheque-books are flung open with an eagerness which belies the true man who does good by stealth and fears to become famous.

Thank goodness, there are some such workers left still to get to the very heart of poverty and suffering, but it is only when the hand of death stays the hand of charity that we hear of these great hearts that have gone out to meet the bitter cry of the homeless and starving. And the big charitable movements of the day are discouraging rather than encouraging such benefactors to mankind. It is yearly becoming more difficult to obtain money when it is needed (and when it is not needed) without an outlay in organization which almost beggars the sum total that is swept in.

The Modern Giver Must be Feted,

entertained, and amused; music and mumming to the clatter of tea-cups must make his work of charity as light and laughterful as ingenuity can contrive. To the man or woman who can tickle the fancy of the gay world, pleading the cause is only a matter of form. Who can deny that countless people who plunge into all manner of buffoonery for some "worthy object" have very often not the remotest idea as to what that object is?

The waste of money in this direction annually is enormous. Expenses are incurred with the lightest consideration in order that the "success" of an undertaking shall not be in question. What does success mean? Does it imply that the money which has been playfully coaxed out of the pockets of the public goes into the pockets of those whose case is "most deserving"? Not a bit of it! Perhaps just a very small bit, which is the margin after expenses have been duly met, and those who have nobly come forward "to assist in this highly deserving charity," have been fully reimbursed.

In this way charity becomes less and less easy, without extravagance in the direction of outlay, and it is

The Money which Goes Astray

that is beginning to figure as a very grave matter in the eyes of those who are not dazzled and misled by the magnificence of modern benevolence.

There are other points, too, which arise in the consideration of this question. Sir James Barr, in his recent plea for a muscular nation, has touched on the subject of hospitals. We do not question their utility, but we must have serious doubts as to whether their ever-increasing demand on the pockets of the charitable, in order to bring them up to the present-day notions of architectural grandeur, does not carry a considerable amount of money into superfluous channels. Sir James Barr himself has assured us that if the money spent in the treatment of diseases was diverted to the general preservation of the health of the people individually, our large hospitals would not be half filled. What we want is a greater amount of careful thought in the expenditure of charity money, and that the call on public generosity should in every case be justified.

Let us take, for example, the newly opened Union Jack Club for soldiers and sailors. Such an institution may or may not have become a necessity. If it was imperative that this imposing club should be built, did not the responsibility of erecting it lie with the Government which maintains our standing Army

Out of the Taxpayers' Pocket?

The completion of this scheme has cost the enormous sum of £80,000. Every penny of the amount has been obtained by an appeal to the purses and the vanity of the public. Where else need we look for a case in which benevolence, which might have been put to a use worthy of the name of Charity, has gone astray? The very fact that it has been possible in so short a time to collect a fund such as this, leaves us wondering indeed that charity is so often denied those whose claims ought to be nearest our sympathies, and to whose relief every man, woman, and child should contribute to the utmost of their power.

AGAINST.

"It is better to pardon a thousand guilty men than to hang one who is innocent." This is the principle on which many well-intentioned people have conducted their personal acts of charity in the past. To let no beggar go away empty-handed, no matter whether he comes in rags or collecting-book in hand, may be considered the height of benevolence by some, but the level-headed have long recognised that this is a practice which makes a smooth path for the impostor and brings suspicion on the truly deserving.

In those careless days of charity, the professional beggar prospered exceedingly, and the ingenuity expended in wrongfully extracting money from the credulous and kind-hearted was inconceivable to those who had not set themselves to master the business side of benevolence. It became absolutely necessary that some active step should be taken to put an end to the enormous outflow of money lavished on charity which went astray, and that precautions should be set in motion by means of which cases of real need should be sifted from the bulk of those who sought arms without any claims on the consideration of humanity.

What has been the result? At the present moment there is hardly a trade, a profession the members of which are not generously cared for when misfortune falls upon them. The most perfect machinery exists for the expenditure of every penny that is placed in trust upon behalf of the poor, and it is only those who refuse to avail themselves of such machinery who need go unfed and homeless if their tale of distress will bear examination. Such a means of dispensing charity may appear cold and calculating; but those who are to be helped must be protected from

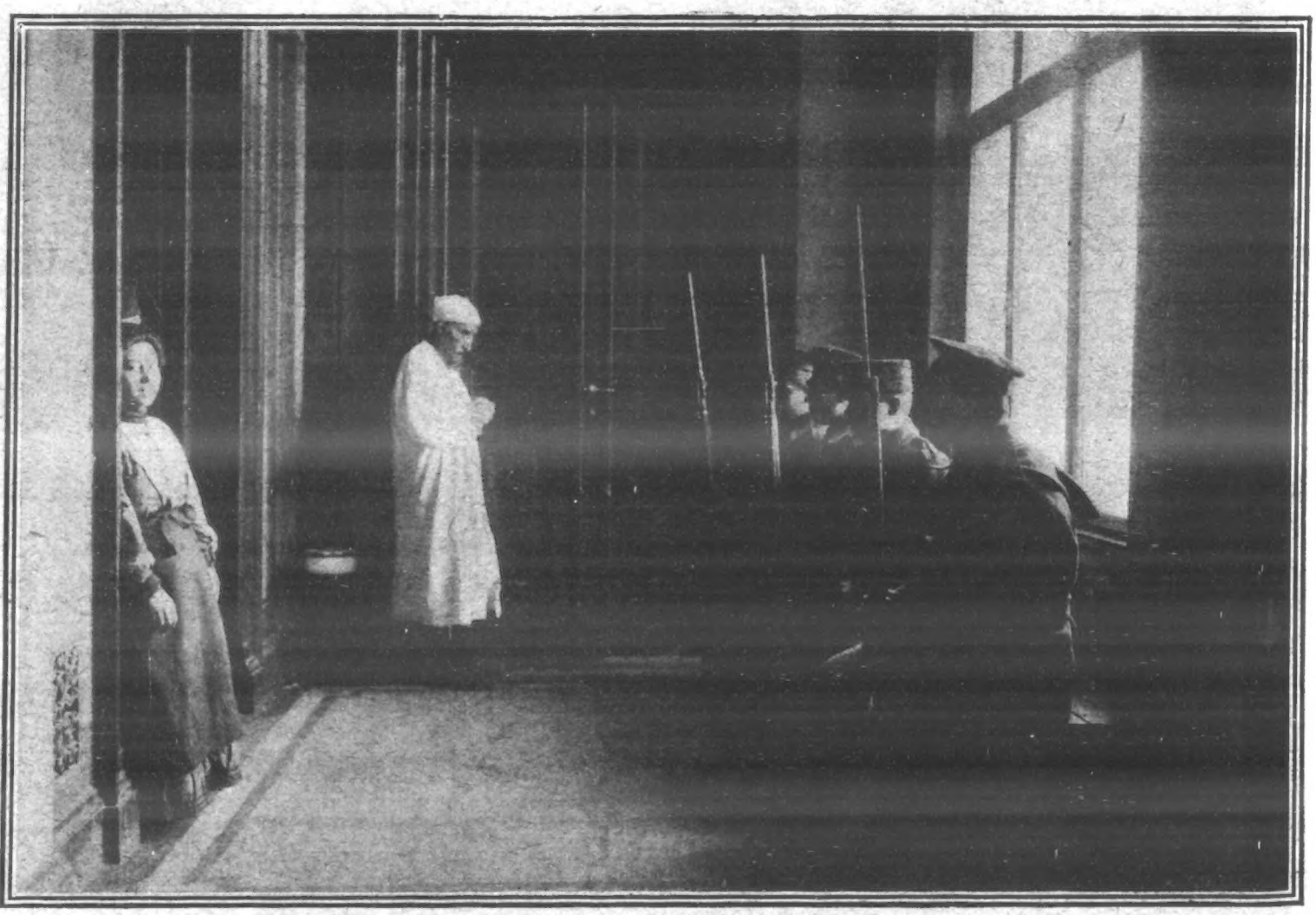
Suffering at the Hands of the Shameless Supplicants,

while the benevolent must be guarded from unthinking misapplication of their money.

Those who cry out that charity goes astray might take a little trouble in considering the scope and magnitude of our benevolent institutions as they exist at the present moment. First and foremost we have the Charity Commissioners of England and Wales, who are appointed almost solely for the purpose of

(Continued on page 30.)

THE POLISH CITY OF LODZ RE-CHRISTENED "THE BLOODSTAINED."



Lodz is just now the scene of many a terrible affray between Socialistic and Anti-Socialistic workmen. Our picture illustrates forcibly the vindictive and bloodthirsty hatred shown by the Socialists. Michal Michta, an Anti-Socialist, escaped to a hospital ward. The Socialists attempted to murder him there, but failed. The photo shows him at the door of the hospital, the mob clamouring without, being guarded by soldiers. The woman in the picture is a nurse.

PHYLLIS DARE AT THE AGE OF SIX DOES A "STAR" TURN AT A CHARITY FÊTE AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

I FEEL very honoured indeed that such an unimportant person as myself should be asked to recount the various happenings in a lifetime which does not yet extend over quite seventeen years. And, truth to tell, as I sit down to write, I am not a little appalled at the difficulty of my task; but still, I will do my best in my new role of biographer, and sincerely trust that I shall be pardoned for various faults in literary style and construction and all sorts of other things which, I believe, are indispensable to the compiling of all literary work. However, here goes!

I was born in London in August 1890, and can well remember that even as a very tiny tot I used to take the greatest interest in theatres and, indeed, in public entertainments of all sorts, while sometimes at night I used to lie awake and wonder whether I ever should become an actress. "Of course, neither of us will," my sister Zena used to say, as, after the lights were turned out, we used to build in whispers those "castles in the air" so dear to all children, "for it is the most difficult thing in the world to become an actress, and, besides, I don't suppose that either of us could act if ever we had the chance—which in any case is most unlikely." Still, somehow or other, I never quite despaired of one day realising my earliest ambition, which was to play the part of a glittering gold and silver bespangled fairy—I fell in love with the Fairy Queen at Drury Lane the first time I was ever taken to a pantomime—and although my parents used to laugh at me when I expressed a hope that I might one day go on the stage, I comforted myself with the reflection that, at any rate, when I grew up I could become an actress, "because," I said to myself, "grown-up people can always do just what they like," which, by-the-bye, is the greatest mistake in life, isn't it?

Well, one day, when I was just six years old, I was asked to appear with a number of other children at a charity performance given at the St. James's Hall, where I sang and danced. Actually what I sang, and how I danced—I'm sure I showed an utter disregard for all correct steps—I do not remember, but I still recall the terrible state of nervousness I was in when I stood with my hand in my mother's waiting to go on. And even to-day that nervousness still remains with me, especially on "first nights," when sometimes I have felt as if I would give anything in the world if only the ground would open up and engulf me. Believe me, stage fright is the most horrible thing imaginable—and, worse still, one never grows out of it altogether, for many world-famous actors and actresses have since told me that they are as nervous to-day before they go on the stage as they were when mere "nobodies."

A few weeks later, to my great joy, my sister Zena and I were asked to take part in another charity fête at the Botanical Gardens, where it was our important duty to carry the National flags of Spain and America, the while walking beside a car called "Spain and America," decorated with lovely white flowers and inscribed with the legend, "May Peace Prevail." You see the Spanish-American war was raging at the time, and, of course, everyone wanted Peace. My "part" on this occasion was not, as can readily be imagined, a difficult one to play, but still I took it most seriously and, indeed, felt as if the success or failure of that fête depended on the manner in which I helped to carry that flag. Yes, I was a very earnest worker indeed in those days, and friends of mine have told me that I looked as solemn and imposing, clutching the pole of that flag, as does the Lord Mayor's coachman when driving through the streets of London.

However, despite my enthusiasm in these amateur performances, my ambition to become an actress by profession did not seem any nearer realisation until one day a friend of my father's suggested that he thought I could play the part of the girl babe in "The Babes in the Wood," at the Coronet Theatre. I was just nine at the time, and therefore, after many long confabulations with managers and all sorts of people who, I thought, looked tremendously important, it was finally decided that I was old enough to accept the engagement. Oh, the joy I felt when this decision was arrived at! For days before the rehearsals began I could not sleep through thinking of the big success I hoped to make, and I pictured myself holding the house spellbound with an exhibition of acting never before seen in the annals of the stage.

Truly one's childish fancies are vastly amusing, for, as a matter of fact, in that first engagement I had very little to do indeed except look the part of the girl babe, and sing a very pretty duet, "The Gollywogs," with the boy babe. Still, I liked that pantomime very much indeed; but there was one thing which made me very nervous, and that was the Demon of the Woods in the forest scene. I and my brother had to lie down under a tree in the woods, while lots of robin redbreasts came and covered us over with leaves to keep out the cold.

Well, when we had been lying there a few seconds, the Demon of the Woods—who had a huge head, which was frightfully ugly, and flames of fire shot out of his eyes—came and stood over us and wished that all sorts of horrible things might happen to us. His voice was so gruff, and altogether he looked so horrible that I used to cling to the boy babe for protection, and then I knew I should be quite safe: for, although he was called "a babe" on the programme, he wasn't really a babe at all, but was quite big.

By the way, I should here like to try and remove some of the many erroneous impressions which are held about children and the stage. For instance, many people declare that life in a theatre exercises a most demoralising influence on children, and I have heard it said that laws should be passed making it illegal for youngsters to go on the stage until they have reached so-called "years of discretion." It is said, too, that they are worked too hard, and that they spend the time they ought to be devoting to lessons in learning "a trade" which can be of no use to them in after life.

Now, as one of these children who went on the stage very young in life, I think I may say without conceit that I know something of my subject. Besides, since that first appearance, I have met hundreds and hundreds of child actors and actresses, or, rather, perhaps I should say would-be actors and actresses. In not a single case, however, can I truly say that I have ever known of a child deteriorating "through the profession." Of course, in some cases, life in a theatre tends to make a child somewhat precocious, but this is a fault which can easily be remedied by parents—"a word in time saves nine," eh?

As regards the contention that children who take up the stage very young must necessarily suffer from an educational point of view, I can only say that this, again, is a question which depends entirely on their parents, as during the daytime a child's studies can be pursued almost as regularly as if he or she, as the case may be, were not on the stage at all. Thus, in my own case, all the time I was playing in that first pantomime, I used to work hard at lessons all day, so that really acting at night did not seem work at all, but came rather as a sort of holiday. No, I am firmly convinced that, if only people would show a little more common-sense with their children when they are on the stage, we should not hear so much about the so-called harm which the theatre is said to exercise over the rising generation.

I hope it will not be thought that I am being rather "priggish" in writing thus; but I have often felt annoyed on hearing people who, in reality, know little about life on the stage, running down "the profession" as if a theatre were the most injurious place in the world in which to let a child appear. It must not be forgotten, too, that often child actors and actresses are the sole breadwinners of the family, and I have known many cases in which boys and girls of under eleven have kept their parents from starvation.

One case, in particular, I shall never forget. In a certain pantomime in which I was playing—I will not mention the name lest the heroine of my story should chance to read these lines—there was just the sweetest little girl I have ever seen—she was only nine and was so pretty—playing the part of the Queen of the Fairies. She looked radiantly happy on the stage, but "off" she always looked oh! so sad!

One night I found her standing all alone in the "wings" sobbing as if her very heart would break. Of course, I tried to comfort her, and asked what was the matter? "Oh," she said, "mother is so ill, and we have no money except what I earn, and the doctor says that unless she goes to a warm, seaside place at once, she will die."

At this moment the call-boy's voice rang out, "Fairies, please!" and in two minutes that plucky little child was beaming and smiling before the audience, looking the very personification of happiness; but I knew that really she was absolutely and hopelessly, entirely wretched; and as she left the stage a huge bouquet of lovely flowers was handed to her—it must have cost quite five pounds I am sure.

"If only," the little fairy said to me afterwards, "people would send useful things instead of flowers and silly toys, what a lot I could do to help mother!"

Well, the next night the brave little Fairy told me her mother was still no better. "Plenty of food, nourishing food, she must have," was the doctor's verdict; "and only that, and a holiday in Bournemouth, will save her life."

And on that night again, the little fairy received still another huge bouquet from some would-be kind member of the audience. "I shall pray when I get home to-night," the child said gravely, as she gazed at the lovely flowers, "that grown-up people may grow more sensible and send me something really useful to help mother."

And now what do you think happened?

(To be continued.)

Photo. Ellis and Walery.

ONE OF MISS DARE'S FIRST EXPERIENCES IN THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA WAS WITH MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "THE WILDERNESS."

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

FOR NEW READERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

"DEAD?" "Quite dead, Sir." "Impossible! How did he die?" "The man has been strangled, Sir." "Strangled? You must be mistaken, officer." "Look for yourself, Sir. It's a plain case of murder." The ominous word rang loudly through the wintry air, for the policeman's voice had unconsciously leaped an octave towards the conclusion of his sentence. Too startled to move, Mr. Lewis Mendle, solicitor, of 52, Cade Lane, Cheapside, paused on the steps of the large building, wherein was his office, and stared silently at the dead chauffeur on the motor-cab. The body is taken into the solicitor's office, and Inspector Hake is sent for. Constable Jennings, meanwhile, re-examines the body. The chauffeur proves to be a frail-looking young man, with a weak chin and an aristocratic nose. Then he examines the front seat, and finds on the floor a large waterproof envelope, brief size, which had been closed and sealed with a crest. But the seals had been broken and the envelope had been roughly torn open, evidently by a man in a hurry. Then Inspector Hake arrives, and in his presence Mendle recognises the dead man as his ward, Arthur Gerson, by whose death he loses a considerable sum of money. As Hake is about to drive off in the motor-cab there is a startled cry from underneath it, and a boy is dragged out severely injured in the head. The inquest fails to elicit any further solution.

CHAPTER V. *(continued).*

THE INQUEST.

"IT is disgraceful," said Mendle when leaving the court. "What is the use of the police if we are not to be protected?"

"Even the police cannot perform miracles," said Parley timidly.

"Your daughter should have been called," snapped the lawyer.

"I don't see, Sir, what my daughter could have said," retorted Parley, with more spirit than usual.

"You never told me that she served in a tobacconist's, Parley."

"There was no need to, Sir," rejoined the other, coldly.

"And you never liked Arthur," remarked Mendle abruptly. It really seemed as though he wished to take the old clerk unawares.

"No, Sir, I did not," said Parley decisively. "All the same, I am sorry that he met with so unexpected and terrible a death."

"If you disliked him, why are you sorry."

"He was not prepared to die," said the other solemnly; then asked questions in his turn, possibly to prevent further cross-examination by his employer. "I suppose Miss Belinda will get the money now?"

"Every penny of it. To-morrow I hand over the property; and she'll make ducks-and-drakes of it unless she has someone to restrain her impetuosity."

"Dr. Wilfred Darton?"

Mendle's face grew black. "He's a good-looking fool, but clever enough to manage, to his own advantage mind you, a soft-hearted, inexperienced girl like Belinda Gerson."

"Ah!" Parley's wrinkled face flushed. "You think Miss Belinda is soft-hearted, Mr. Mendle?"

"You know her as well as I do," snapped Mendle. "Why ask?"

Parley hesitated, and his colour grew still deeper. He was on the point of making an observation, but, restraining himself with an obvious effort, he walked away with a muttered apology for his abrupt departure.

Mendle looked after him, somewhat puzzled. "Does he want to get money out of Belinda?" the lawyer asked himself. "If he does, for what reason does he wish to get it?" He paused and shook his head. "Ellen Parley knows something. She certainly should have been called as a witness."

CHAPTER VI.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

THE drawing-room of the Clement Street house was much more artistically and expensively furnished than Mr. Mendle's apartments. Harriet Lane, who looked after the place in the intervals of her professional engagements, had an eye for the judicious blending of colours, and was capable of arranging furniture to the best advantage. Thanks to Mendle's open-handed administration of the estate, there was plenty of money, and Belinda, who was fond of beauty, although incapable of creating it, allowed Harriet to spend what she liked. The result was very satisfactory, as Mr. Mendle acknowledged, when he entered the drawing-room, after the burial of his unfortunate ward. But he falsely ascribed the surrounding elegance to Belinda. It seemed impossible that so plain-looking a woman as Miss Lane could bring into being a home of such beauty and charm.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the lawyer called, and the two ladies, advised of his visit beforehand, were waiting to receive him. Both of them were arrayed in the most pronounced mourning, which accentuated the bright, delicate beauty of Belinda and rendered the homely looks of Harriet still more apparent. The contrast between the half-sisters was most marked.

Harriet was a tall, grey-faced, spare woman of thirty-four, with a severe and somewhat Puritanic face. On the stage she played the mother-in-law of farcical comedy and the duenna in poetic drama with equal success, since her stiffness and angularity were suitable to such characters. She was not a great actress, but a reliable and painstaking one, very popular with the public, who appreciated her sober industry. Having such a reputation, she was rarely out of an engagement, which was just as well, since her stepfather had not left her a single penny, and her dead mother had always been a pauper ever since she could remember. Moreover, Miss Lane was proud, and had no notion of living on her prettier and richer half-sister. Belinda was fond of Harriet, and readily allowed her to dominate the house, so the two got on very well together. In fact they assimilated from sheer contrast of character, for Harriet was the working bee and Belinda the glittering butterfly, who did nothing but flutter gaily in the sunshine of life.

And she was an extremely pretty butterfly, with a pleasant disposition, which came from sheer weakness of character. At least Mr. Mendle thought so, and he certainly should have known, considering he had known Belinda almost from infancy. For years he had loved her fondly, and notwithstanding his plain looks and his age, he hoped that she would accept his hand. He certainly had been somewhat startled when she announced at the inquest that she was engaged to Dr. Darton, as he had never dreamed that the love of the two had progressed so far. But he knew that Belinda was somewhat afraid of him, and, from experience, believed that her character was a yielding one; therefore he fancied that an hour's conversation would alter circumstances. As he fished in his black bag for necessary papers he stole sly looks at her charming face, which looked as though it were delicately carved from ivory; at the crown of her feathery golden hair, at her large blue eyes and dainty figure, and felt his heart burn within him. Come what may, he swore to possess this loveliness, and the five thousand a year, which rendered the acquisition of such beauty still more desirable. But in justice to Mr. Mendle it must be acknowledged that he was sufficiently lured by the girl's grace to take her without the money. Such romance was somewhat ridiculous in a dry-as-dust lawyer of middle age. Harriet Lane, who loved him and who matched him better in age and looks, was more suited to be Mrs. Mendle; but the solicitor, blinded by love, could not take so common-sense a view.

"You did not come to the funeral," said Mendle, looking for a reply to Belinda.

Harriet answered for her half-sister. "She was not fit to go. The ceremony would have upset her. I thought it best that she should remain at home along with me. It is all over, I suppose?"

"I should not be here else," rejoined Mendle tartly, for he did not wish Miss Lane to conduct the conversation. "Poor Arthur is buried in the Brompton Cemetery, and has passed out of our lives for ever."

"That depends upon our intentions regarding the murderer," said Harriet.

Mendle shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, Belinda can offer a reward for the apprehension of the murderer," he said, in a cold, official tone; "and a good one may stimulate the police into searching everywhere. But it will be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"Do you think that the murderer will ever be discovered?" asked Belinda, fixing her blue eyes on the solicitor anxiously.

He tried hard to fathom her exact meaning, but the eyes baffled him, and he took refuge in another shrug. "If Paddy O'Toole recovers his memory, I certainly think that the criminal will be brought to the gallows," he remarked judicially.

"Will the boy recover his memory?"

"No one seems to know—the doctors least of all. But if he does not, I fail to see who else can solve the mystery. Of course, a reward—a good reward——"

"I shall not offer a reward," said Belinda unexpectedly.

"Oh, you should, Belinda," chimed in Harriet quickly.

"Why?" asked the girl bitterly. "In order that Arthur's shady doings may be raked up for publication in the papers?"

"I thought that you were devoted to Arthur," said Mendle quietly.

Belinda's fair cheeks coloured deeply. "I was fond of Arthur, and I proved my fondness in every way. He spent his own money—squandered it, I may say—and I always helped him, when I could."

"That is true," chimed in Miss Lane again. "But for me Arthur would have had every sixpence out of Belinda."

"And did his extravagance turn you against him?" asked Mendle bluntly.

Belinda shook her head. "No. But he persistently set himself against my happiness, and tormented me by insisting that I should marry Sir Samuel Embers. Arthur proved himself to be so selfish and callous, and wanting in common affection, that my love for him passed away."

"You grew to hate him, in fact?"

"No," she replied sharply, "you use too strong a word, Lewis. I despised him rather. You had more cause to hate him, considering that he wanted you to die, and twice attempted your life."

Mendle nodded in his turn. "I bore no grudge against Arthur for that," he said coolly. "He was a neurotic lunatic, who acted on the mad impulse of the moment. I can't say that I felt very comfortable when he was alive, as I am a nervous man, and did not like to go in fear of my life."

"A man should never know fear," said Belinda contemptuously.

"Perhaps not," said Mendle drily, although a sudden red in his cheek showed that her scorn had moved him, "but fear is a physical affair of flesh and blood and unsteady nerves. It is no credit to a healthy man that he should be brave. I am not healthy, therefore it is no discredit to me that I tremble at every shadow. These emotions are beyond the control of the spirit."

"You speak as a materialist," said the girl, still scornful.

"I speak as a lawyer now," rejoined Mendle, good-humouredly, "so we can dismiss ethics for the moment. To-day my guardianship ceases, Belinda, and these papers place you in possession of five thousand a year, the capital of which is well invested."

"Thanks!" Belinda stretched out her hand for the papers.

"And I trust," added Mendle, surrendering them, "that you have had no cause to be offended with my guardianship."

"You have been very kind," said Belinda coldly.

"Kind?" echoed Miss Lane, and a flush made beautiful her wan cheeks. "Oh, Belinda, that is a weak word to employ. Lewis has been both kind and honest. He had full control of your property——"

"Thanks to my father's mad will," interpolated Miss Gerson.

"Mad or not, the will placed everything in Lewis's hand," went on Harriet vehemently, "and he has behaved as only one man in a thousand would have behaved. He could have squandered the money; he could have refused to give you and Arthur enough to live on. He could——"

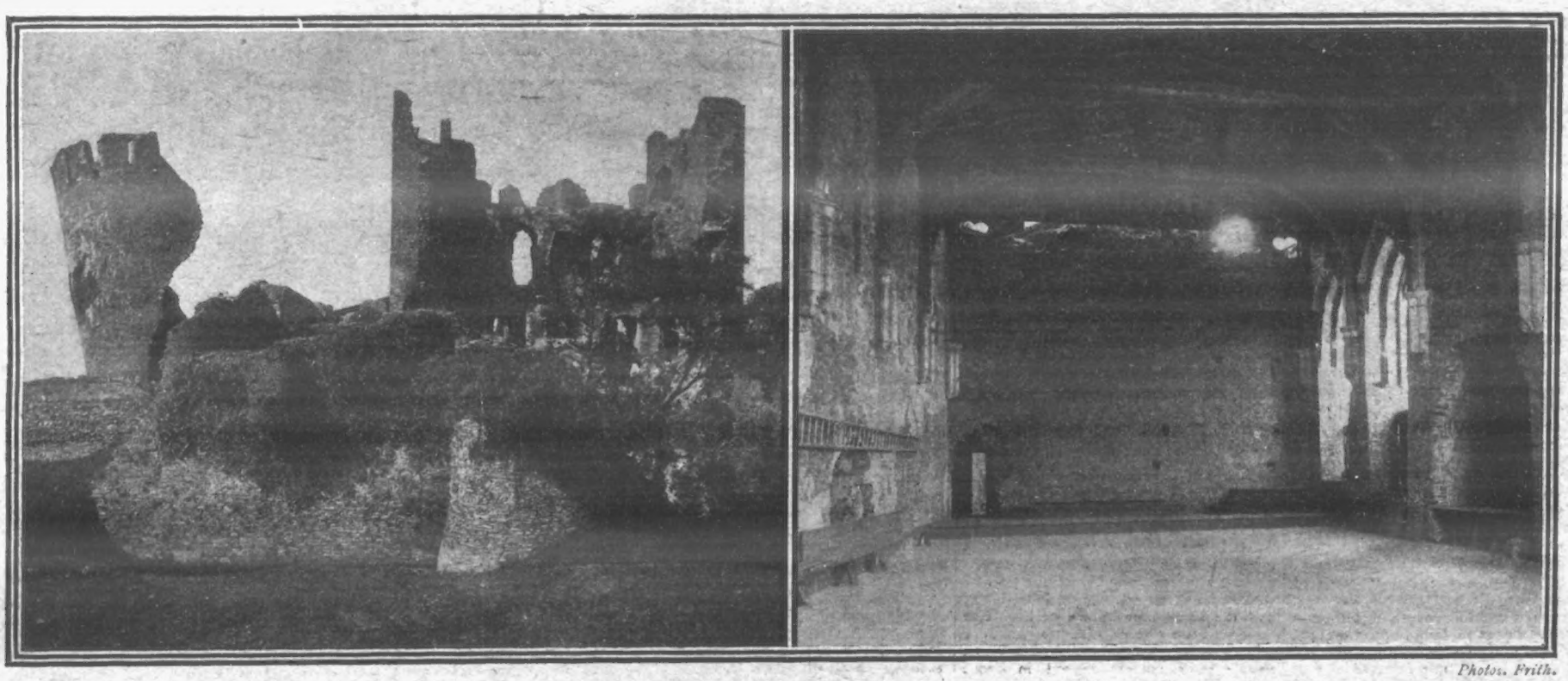
"I know all that," interrupted her half-sister calmly. "Lewis has acted as an honest man. I never expected him to act in any other way."

"Then you might thank him."

"I have thanked him," said Belinda, unemotionally.

Mendle was puzzled. For years he had been accustomed to regard the girl as a lump of clay, easy of manipulation, and capable of being dominated by a stronger mind. Now she seemed suddenly to acquired strength of character and a calm self-control which astonished him considerably. He tried to get at her unexpressed sentiments by artful remarks. "If you are pleased with my stewardship," he said quietly, but keeping his eyes on her face, "perhaps you will give me a tangible proof of your pleasure by agreeing to leave your affairs in my hands; for I don't deny, Belinda, that the loss of business involving five thousand a year means much to me, especially now when I am left a pauper."

Belinda met his gaze squarely, and smiled oddly. "I am sorry to hear that



Photos. Frith.

THE KING'S VISIT TO WALES.

This week his Majesty has been visiting Ireland and Wales, and will to-morrow (Saturday) motor over to the famous Caerphilly Castle, near Cardiff, before making his return journey to London. The preservation of the banqueting hall is in remarkable contrast to the appearance of complete dilapidation presented by the exterior of the Castle.

you are a pauper, Lewis," she said so pointedly that the man felt convinced that she knew of his savings, "and if I can help you in any way I shall do so. But I am not yet prepared to say if you can continue to be my legal adviser."

"Why?" asked Mendle, turning pale and feeling savage. That this worm should turn both amazed and angered him.

"We can discuss that later."

"Belinda!" burst out Harriet, who rushed into the breach to defend the man she adored, "how can you speak so—how can you act so! Lewis has behaved wonderfully considering the power your father's will gave him."

"I admit that, Harriet; but my father should never have made such a will. However, I am now in possession of my rightful property, so there is no more to be said."

Mendle chuckled and closed his black bag with a click. There was a good deal more to be said, and he intended to say it as soon as he could get Harriet out of the room. Meanwhile, he made the first observation which came into his head, but not without intention: "I am sorry to hear that you will not offer a reward," he remarked pointedly.

"I am not going to have Arthur's past life dragged into the light of day," said Belinda sharply. "You know what he was, Lewis, and how he squandered his money on disreputable companions, and——"

"You should know nothing of these things," said Miss Lane, dismayed.

Belinda turned on her indignantly. "Why? Because I am only a girl, I suppose. Do you think, Harriet, and you, Lewis, that I am blind to what goes on in the world? I loved Arthur with more than a sister's love, and he treated me so badly, so selfishly, that I grew to be indifferent to him. But I know—it matters not how—that he lived a very bad life and with very bad people. I don't want to say anything against the dead——"

"You are saying it," remarked Mendle caustically.

"Then I say no more," she continued in a softer tone, "save that I believe Arthur was killed by one of the disreputable companions who dragged him down. I do not offer a reward because I fear what may come to light."

Harriet rose indignantly. "I scarcely know you, Belinda," she said in a hard tone; "you are quite changed by the acquisition of this money, and are not the gentle, loving sister I knew. If you"—here a knock came at the door, and Harriet opened it to listen to a request from the parlour-maid that she would come to the kitchen. With a nod she dismissed the girl, and turned again. "I have to attend to some domestic duties," she said quietly; "but I shall return soon, to express my feelings."

When Mendle was alone with Belinda a silence prevailed. He broke it after a curious glance or two at her changed face. The hard look in her eyes struck him as extraordinary, and he began to wonder if she really deserved the suspicions of Embers. "I am sorry that you will not leave the business in my hands," he said hesitatingly.

"I have not yet decided to take it away."

"But you said——"

"I know what I said, and I know why I said it. I may or may not keep you as my legal adviser. I'll let you know in a week. Meanwhile——" She stood up to intimate that the interview was ended.

But Mendle did not intend to be dismissed, as he wanted to put his fortunes to the test. "One moment," he said with a beating heart and an unusual colour in his cheeks. "I want to ask you a question."

Belinda was sufficiently feminine to guess what the question would be. "Better say nothing, Lewis," she remarked gently.

"I must—I shall!" he cried excitedly. "You know that I love you!"

"So you have hinted before."

"And you—and you——"

"I am engaged to Wilfred Darton."

"Never, never, never!" he panted, and grew pale with anger and dismay.

Belinda made an imperious gesture. "Listen to me," she said composedly. "Before Arthur died, I was in your power, as I had no money, and Wilfred is too poor to marry me as a pauper. Therefore, I yielded to you in every way, as I felt myself to be entirely in your hands. You took an unfair advantage of my dependence, and refused to allow Wilfred to visit this house. I loved him, and you thought to make me change my love by keeping him away, so that you might ask me to be your wife. Such an action shows how little you understand women. I am my own mistress now, and this house is mine. I am rich and independent, so I intend to marry Wilfred within six months. He is poor, but I have now plenty of money. As to your proposal, I decline it. I wish to be your friend—at a distance. Closer companionship is impossible, for you took advantage of my father's mad will to render me a slave."

"Belinda!" Mendle recoiled in his astonishment.

"Oh, I know what you think," she went on scornfully, "that I am a puppet to dance while you pull the strings. I did, when I could not help myself, and you and Harriet and Arthur all thought me devoid of will. So I was; but now, as I am rich and free, I can assert myself."

"You refuse to marry me?"

"Absolutely. But I am willing to be your friend, if you will let me."

"To be my sister, after the cant way a woman talks to a man she refuses," sneered Mendle, livid with rage. "Ah, this is indeed a change. You defy me, do you? We shall see. I believe Embers now."

"You dare——"

"If I do not dare, Embers will. He wants to marry you. I don't know if you have refused him——"

"Not personally, but I have through Arthur. Well?"

"Embers will propose, then, and if you refuse he will go the police and say that you threatened to kill your brother."

Belinda looked at him scornfully. "Of course, no one will believe so mad a charge. You do not believe it yourself?" she ended abruptly.

"No," said Mendle, somewhat unexpectedly. "I do not. A remark which you made just now has caused me to change my mind."

Belinda's eyes flickered, and she drew a breath. "What remark?"

"You hinted that Arthur declared that he could disgrace Darton."

"I more than hinted, I said it plainly."

"I am quite able to deal with Sir Samuel," she informed him.

"Is Dr. Darton prepared to deal with him? Apparently, Arthur *did* know of something to the Doctor's discredit, and could have made it hot for him. There may be a page in Darton life's-book which——"

"I believe nothing against Wilfred," said Belinda, wetting her dry lips, and recoiling like an animal at bay.

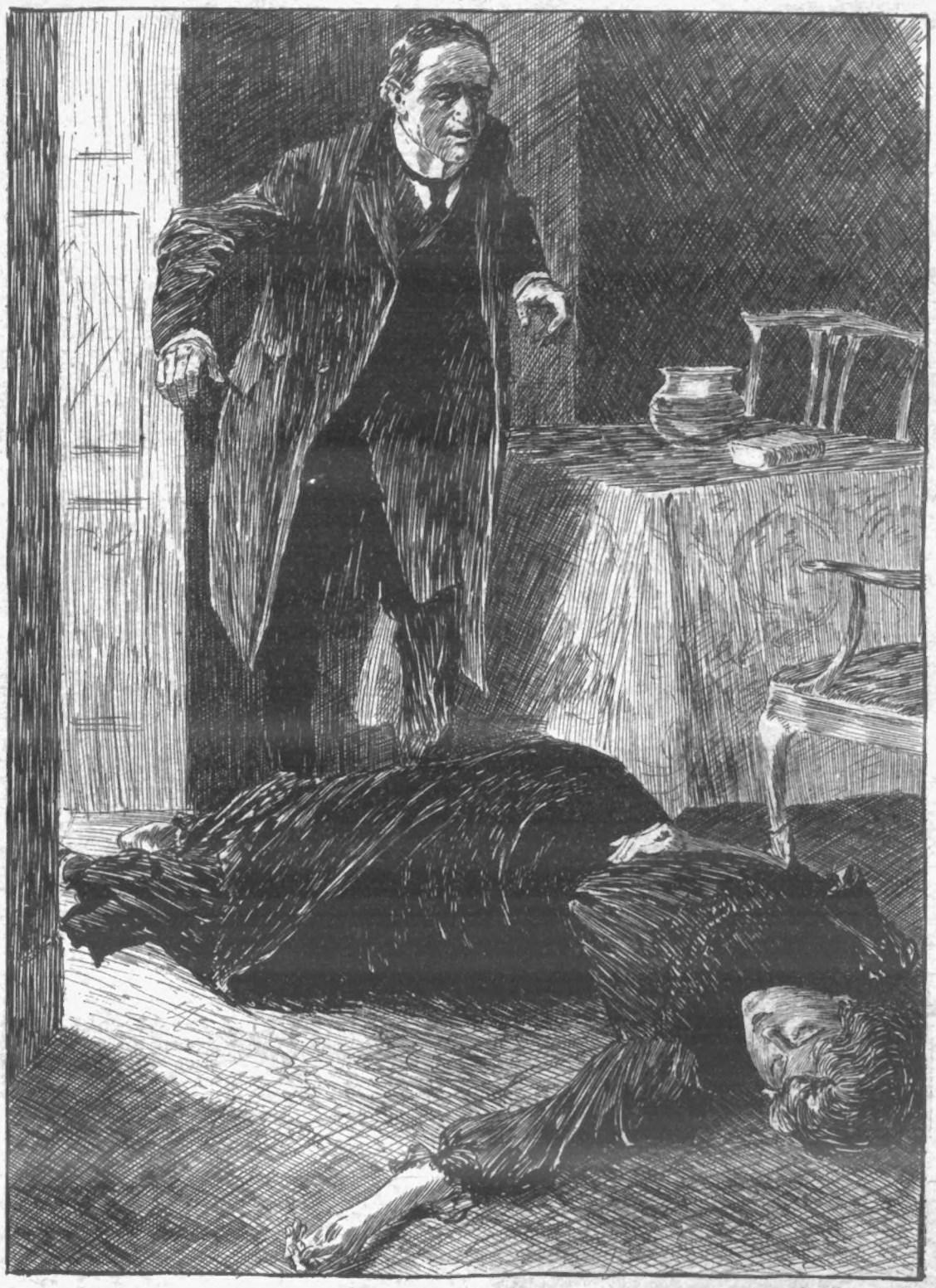
He observed her inward fear and grew strong as she weakened. "I do," he declared firmly. "What the disgraceful thing may be I don't know—but I'll find out."

"Indeed!" she strove to keep her voice steady, "and how?"

"By getting possession of those papers that were stolen from the waterproof envelope."

Belinda set her teeth. "What papers?" she asked hoarsely.

"The papers containing the secret of



Belinda Gerson stared at him wildly, and tried to speak but failed. A moment later she was lying in a faint on the floor.

"What does he say?" asked Belinda, and he saw that she was strangely moved, although she faced him unflinchingly.

"That you threatened to kill Arthur. Yes; Arthur told Embers that you threatened to kill him."

"It is quite true," rejoined Belinda, colouring shamefacedly. "I lost my temper with Arthur when he said that he would disgrace Wilfred, and said that I would kill him first. I was ashamed of myself the moment afterwards for saying so ridiculous a thing. And Arthur took advantage of my apology—which he considered weakness—to insist that I should marry Sir Samuel. I refused him, as I refuse you. Wilfred is the man I love, and Wilfred is the man I marry."

"If you are not arrested, meanwhile, for murder," said Mendle harshly.

"Ah!" Mendle chuckled, "you were more cautious at the inquest."

"There is no need for me to tell Arthur's ravings to the world," said Miss Gerson coldly and disdainfully.

"Were they ravings?" asked Mendle significantly, "or did Arthur explain how he proposed to disgrace Darton?"

"He did not," she replied restlessly, and sorry that she had said so much, "nor would I have listened had he explained. But he certainly made the threat, and then I broke into that foolish speech, out of which you wish to make capital, because I have refused to marry you."

"Oh, I don't intend to make capital out of your loose words," said Mendle carelessly, but keeping a keen eye on her expressive face, "but Sir Samuel will be less scrupulous."

Darton, and for which he murdered the boy."

The girl uttered a cry of terror and indignation. "You have no right to assume——"

"I don't assume. I am certain. At the inquest yesterday it was said openly that the crime was committed for the sake of certain papers contained in the waterproof envelope."

"It is a lie." Belinda turned pale. "Wilfred is innocent."

"Let him say so to the jury!"

"Lewis, you would not——"

"I believe that Darton stole those papers, and——"

"No, I tell you!"

"And murdered your brother."

She stared at him wildly, and tried to speak, but failed. A moment later she was lying in a faint on the floor.

(To be continued.)

'GETS A GRIP' ON FAT.

Yes, that is the expression which defines the wonderful action of that wonderful remedy, Antipon, now famous the wide world over; it "gets a grip" on fat: it destroys by gradual, but rapid, absorption all the superfluous, all the diseased, fatty deposits that clog the system, and at the same time eradicates the fatal tendency to "make fat"—that tendency which seems to defy the most determined attempts to bring down the weight by a rigorously limited dietary. Antipon does not exact any disagreeable restrictions as to food and drink. Quite the contrary. Its splendid tonic action on the digestive organs has the effect of promoting a hearty appetite and assisting digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. The result is obvious. The wholesome food, consumed in normal quantities, and thoroughly digested, goes to make rich, new blood, which in turn goes to create new muscular tissue, bone tissue, nerve tissue, brain tissue. In the human body there is a constant alternation of exhaustion and repair. It stands to reason, therefore, that when the dangerous old-time processes of reducing weight were indulged in—processes which were generally nothing better than gradual starvation, aggravated by mineral drugging, cathartics, sweating, and other abuses—the exhaustion exceeded the repair. Hence, poor blood (anæmia), loss of vitality, depression, faintness, dizziness, and other evils. The system cannot stand such a strain. Nature rebels, and the worst consequences ensue. The Antipon treatment is, then, based on the principle that while the drain of fat-reduction is going on, strength must be increased by "feeding up." That is why this wonderful treatment has found favour with the highest authorities, and, to judge by the constantly increasing demand, with the stout portion of the world's inhabitants as well.

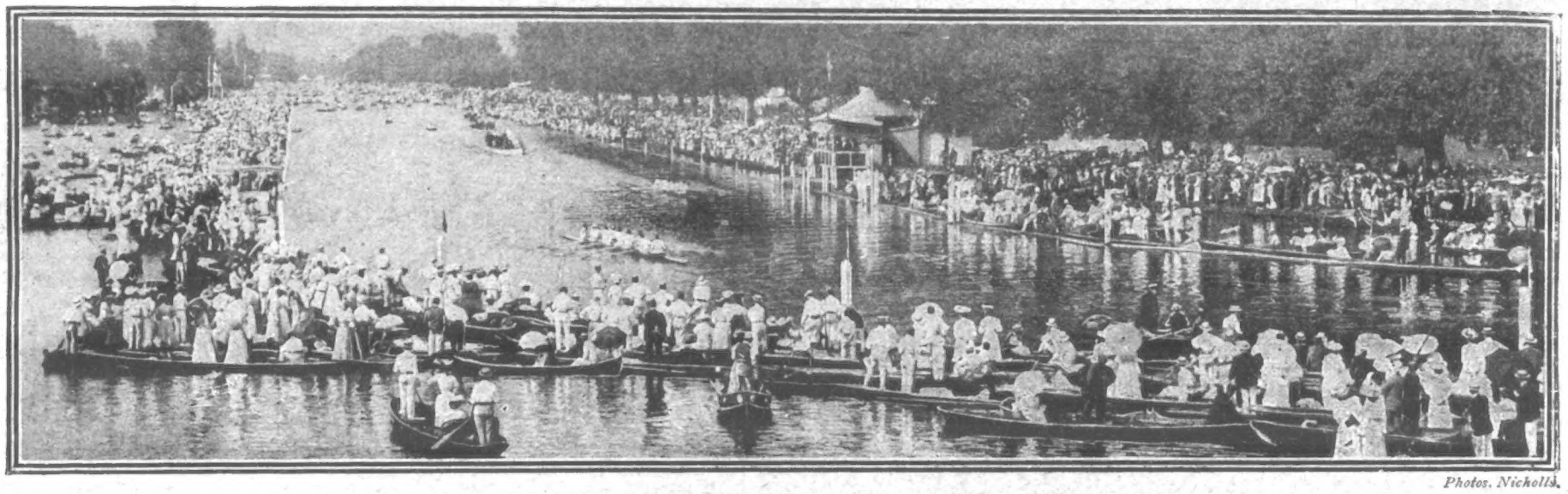
Antipon "gets a grip" on fat from the beginning. Within twenty-four hours after taking the first doses there is a decrease ranging from 8 oz. to 3 lb.—in extreme cases the latter figure is often exceeded—and this is followed always by a daily diminution, sure, steady, and satisfactory, until normal conditions of weight and proportions are lastingly re-established. The doses may be discontinued forthwith. The tendency to stoutness, as we have pointed out, is eradicated.

Stout people are not always aware of the risks they run. There forms about the vital organs, within and without, a mass of fatty matter which gradually encroaches on the freedom of action of those organs, especially the heart. Fatty degeneration ensues, sometimes with fatal results. Antipon removes all this fatty matter, and the beneficial effect is obvious. Sincerely, no stout person, however disappointed he or she may have been with the remedies they have tried, should neglect to try the Antipon treatment, which has the crowning virtue of being comparatively inexpensive.

Antipon is composed of pure and harmless vegetable substances in a liquid form. It is agreeably and refreshingly tart, and in appearance like a light red French wine. It can be taken at all times without inconvenience or any disquietin after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had—on sending amount—post free, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E

Antipon
The World's Obesity Cure
OF CHEMISTS &c PRICE 2s 6d & 4s 6d



Photos. Nicholls.

HENLEY AT ITS BEST: RACING, SUNSHINE, PRETTY DRESSES, PRETTY GIRLS.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

WE have been having some remarkable cricket, due mainly to the extraordinary weather. It had an unfavourable influence on the Test Match—the first of the series of the South African campaign. Lord's Ground was the venue, and it is probable that Wednesday's downpour robbed England of first blood. Still, the South Africans have such wonderful recuperating power that the foregoing statement may have been easily falsified.

England batted first, and ran up the big total of 429. Towards this fine score Leonard Braund contributed a masterly 104, a century worth every run contained in it. Then Gilbert Jessop came along with one of his lightning efforts, and rattled up 93 in very quick time. Tyldesley was next with 52, and Lilley, going in late, put on 48. The innings proved that, despite the croakers, England has still some cricketers within her ranks.

Our visitors failed badly at their first attempt, scoring only 140, but redeemed their prestige after following on. The ones in their first innings to make any show were A. D. Nourse and G. A. Faulkner, the former making 62 and the latter 44. However, the finest effort of the match was to come from P. W. Sherwell, the African captain. His 115 was a really grand innings, worthy of a great player, and a captain who can rise to a great occasion.

The Colonials again showed their quality in their match against Sussex last week-end. In the first innings they could only put up the paltry total of 49, and Sussex replying with 186, South Africa had to face a deficit of 137 when they entered upon the second stage of the battle. Their reply was 327, of which total J. H. Sinclair contributed 92. Sussex could only respond with 151, and were consequently defeated by 40 runs.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIVING DISPLAY AT HIGHGATE: SITTING AND FLYING DIVES FROM A HEIGHT.

The 'Varsity match at Lord's on Thursday was another unsatisfactory encounter, though there can be no question that the better side won, Cambridge gaining their third successive victory. The margin was five wickets, but had Oxford not made some glaring blunders on the final day, there might have been a closer finish, with the possibility of a surprise.

On the first two days the issue hung in the balance. Oxford led on the first innings, scoring 141 against 108 by Cambridge. They entered upon the last day's play with a lead of 91 runs and six wickets in hand, but with the exception of E. L. Wright, their captain, who played very good cricket for 48, there was nothing else calling for mention in the Dark Blues' batting.

R. A. Young played very fine cricket for Cambridge at the second attempt, his 45 on a difficult pitch being worth a lot more than he got. J. N. Buchanan hit hard for 46, but had a couple of lives, and to C. Palmer fell the honour of making the winning hit. The best pair of bowlers were G. G. Napier and A. F. Morcom, but the Cantabs were run close by the Oxonian, H. A. Gilbert. His colleague, J. C. M. Lowe, though he got wickets, was inclined to be erratic.

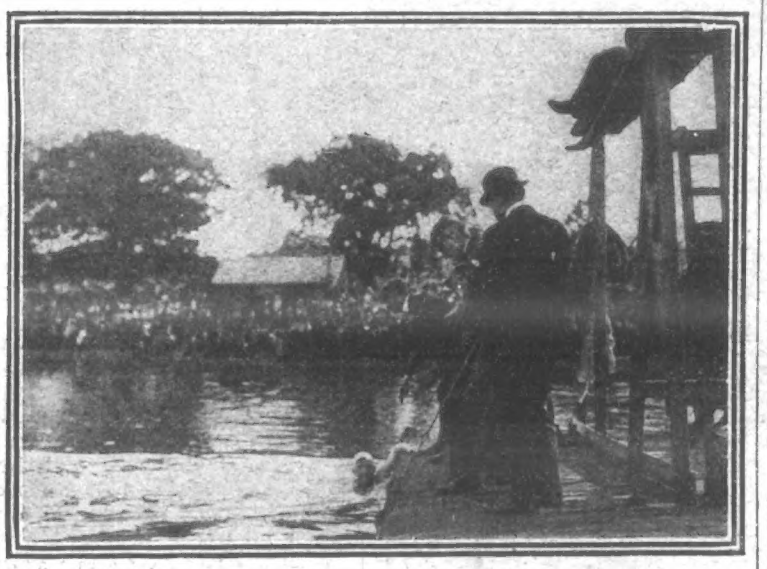
Lancashire played a draw with Northamptonshire at Old Trafford, and the number of unfinished games up to date is really disheartening. The little progress made left any speculation as to the probable result quite out of the question. The Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire match had to be abandoned without a ball being bowled.

The match between Gloucestershire and Somerset was of a very sporting nature, for which most credit must be given to Gilbert Jessop, who twice declared in the hope of finishing the game, and a few minutes more would have decided the issue one way or the other. Leicestershire gained a creditable eight-wickets victory over Warwickshire, and it must have been a very welcome win for a county so low down the table.

It is with very deep regret that I have to refer in these columns to the death of Mr. J. A. Murdoch, late assistant-secretary of the M.C.C. and of Middlesex county. He passed away at his residence in Elm Park Road, St. John's Wood, and had been suffering from cancer in the throat. He went very well through one operation last November, but it was found impossible to get rid of the trouble. Mr. Murdoch will be greatly missed at Lord's, for he was one of the kindliest of good men. He was never a great cricketer, but he was an ardent sportsman, and took especial interest in the Belsize Boxing Club, next, of course, to the M.C.C.

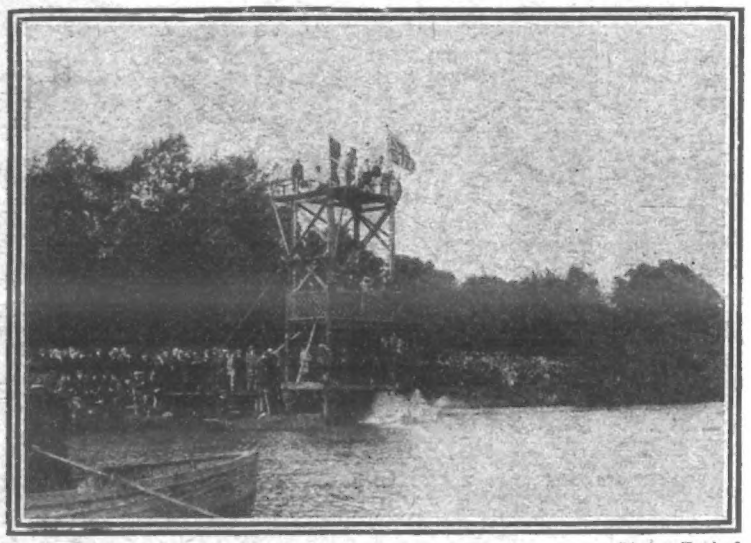
ROWING.

Henley was a gloomy Henley until the final day, and riverside men had a very bad time as well as the visitors and contestants in the races. Once more the "Grand" goes to Belgium, and after they had electrified everybody by their wonderful spurt nearing the end of their heat with Leander, the question was naturally asked, "Is their quick style superior to our traditional long



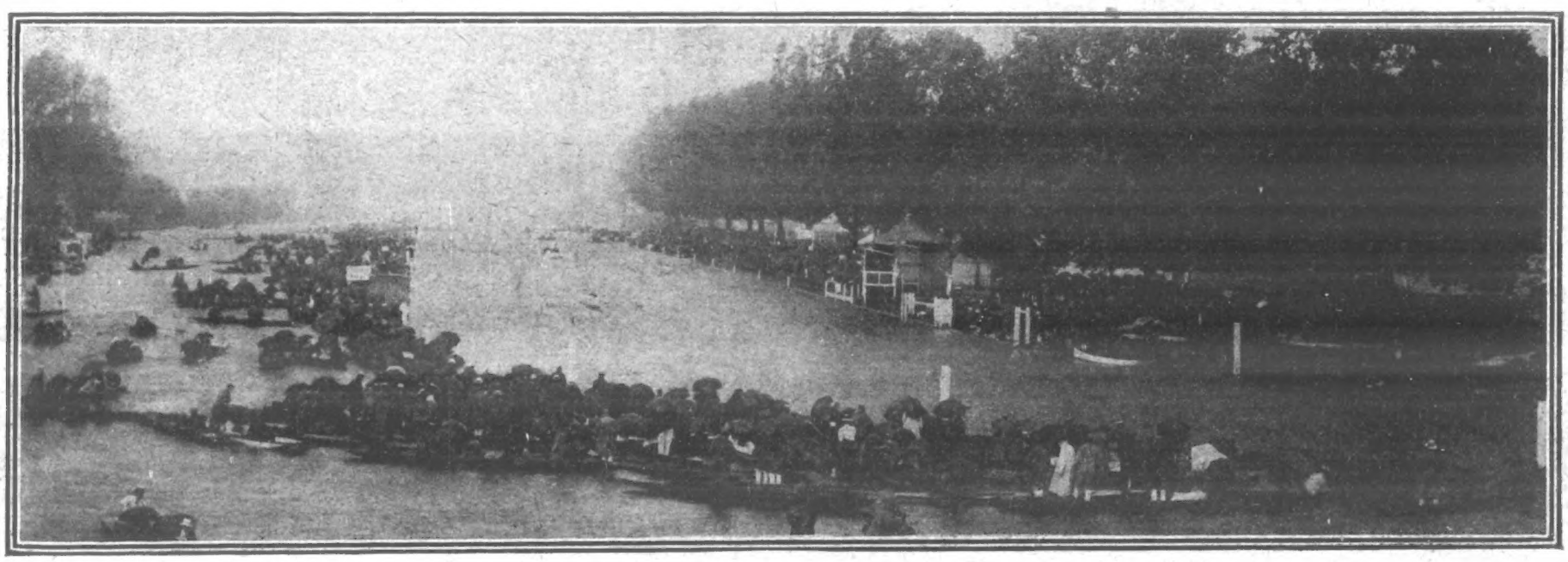
SWIMMING AT HIGHGATE.

Henry Taylor leaving the water after winning the half-mile championship.



Photos. Topical.

SWIMMING AT HIGHGATE: COMPETITORS IN THE HIGH-DIVING COMPETITION



HENLEY AT ITS WORST: RAIN, UMBRELLAS, WATERPROOFS, DAMAGED DRESSES, WRETCHED GIRLS.

G. BUTTERFIELD WINNING THE MILE FLAT RACE.

pull-through stroke?" The answer was not readily forthcoming. It requires a good deal to upset the conservatism of English oarsmen, but the fact remains that Leander, a team well trained, were outstayed by a crew who simply did as they chose in the matter of diet and smoking. After Leander's defeat, the Christ Church crew had no chance with the Belgians in the final.

We managed to secure the "Diamonds," thanks to Captain Darell, who, after knocking the holder, Harry Blackstaffe, out of the competition, won the final comfortably. The other events were gained as follows: Thames Cup, Christ's College, Cambridge; Silver Goblets, Leander; Stewards' Cup, Magdalen College, Oxford; Ladies' Plate, Trinity Hall, Cambridge; Wyfold Cup, Magdalen College, Oxford; Visitors' Cup, Magdalen College, Oxford. In the match between the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers on the final day the Engineers led all the way, and won easily, their opponents stopping, dead-beaten, a dozen yards from the winning-post.

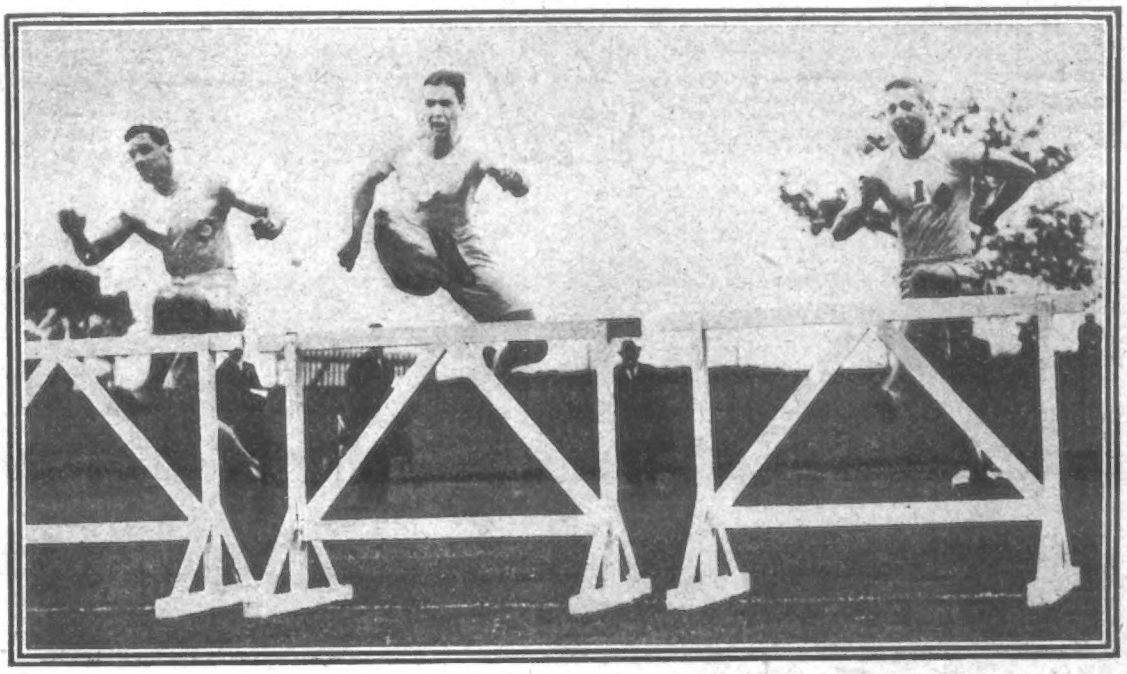
ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Amateur Athletic Championships, held on the ground of the Manchester Athletic Club, at Fallowfield, were decidedly interesting. However, one could have wished for better weather, but, despite the wet, there was an attendance of some 7000 people, and during the present wretched season we have learned to get used to rainy days. There were several foreigners competing, but only one of them took first honours.

A strong wind was blowing down the sprint track, and fast times were hardly to be expected. J. W. Morton, for instance, occupied 10 4-5 sec. to beat the American, N. J. Cantwell, in the 100 yards, but in doing so he equalled the winning sequences of C. A. Bradley and the American, A. F. Duffy, who both won four times. Morton, however, met his master in the 220 yards, which he lost to J. P. George in 22 4-5 sec. I should say that the 100 yards champion, from what I have seen, cannot go more than 150 yards at racing pace.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE TWO-MILE STEEPLECHASE: SECOND TIME OVER THE WATER JUMP.



THE 120 YARDS HURDLE RACE: COMPETITORS AT THE FIRST FLIGHT.

CRICKET SCORES.

Haddon Hall v. Dartford Martyrs Memorial.

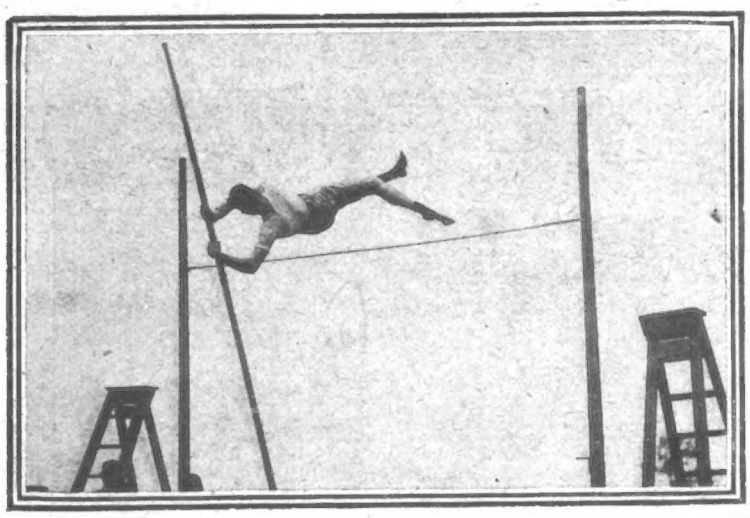
Played at Blackheath, on Saturday, July 6. Dartford M.M. won by 43 runs. Scores—

Haddon Hall: E. Bickle, b Challis, 6; A. Combeer, b Challis, 0; F. Maggs, b Johnson, 4; S. J. Gotts, l b w, b Johnson, 2; C. K. Olney, run out, 4; W. Cook, c Challis, b Johnson, 3; C. Smithers, c Norkett, b Challis, 1; W. Tottle, c Timbs, b Challis, 2; A. Maggs, c Povey, b Challis, 0; G. Woods, c Challis, b Johnson, 0; C. Smith, not out, 5; G. Allen, b Challis, 7. Total, 34.

Dartford M.M.: F. Barnaby, b F. Maggs, 0; T. Timbs, l b w, b Olney, 14; G. Challis, b Smith, 1; T. Norkett, b F. Maggs, 9; L. Povey, not out, 13; E. Johnson, b Cook, 8; J. Mitchell, st Gotts, b Olney, 5; F. Carrier, l b w, b Allen, 12; W. Challis, b Tottle, 6; F. Challis, b Bickle, 9; J. Godden, b Bickle, 0; W. Coles, b Bickle, 0; extras, 10. Total, 87.

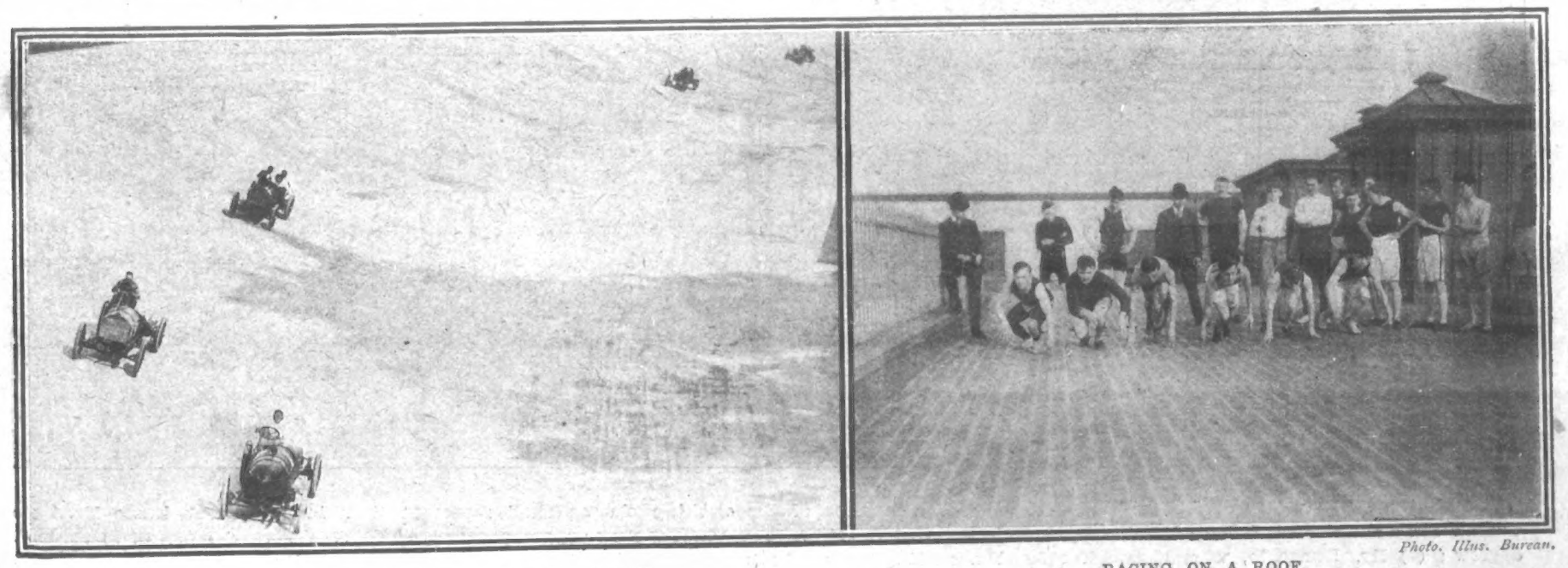
F. Challis took six wickets for 9 runs for Dartford, and E. Bickle three wickets for 3 runs for Haddon Hall.

In the Yeovil and District Cricket League the Stoke-under-Ham Club have an unbeaten record, having played and won seven games. On Saturday last they visited Yeovil and played the return game with Petters United. Stoke batted first, and compiled 100 runs for eight wickets and declared. Petters United were dismissed for 14 runs. T. Lang captured five wickets for 8 runs, and S. Welsh three wickets for 5 runs. In their second innings Petters only scored 12 runs. Lang captured four wickets for 6 runs and Welsh two wickets for 3 runs. Two of Petters were run out in the first innings and three in the second. Stoke won by an innings and 74 runs. In the same league Montacute defeated South Petherton by 41 runs. Scores: Montacute, 68 (W. Pippard 22, P. Bussell 16); South Petherton, 27. For the winners Wright captured three wickets for 6 runs, Bussell two for 13, Woodhouse two for 1 run, and Blake one for 2 runs. Also in the same league Barwick and Stoford defeated the Yeovil Y.M.C.A. by 2 runs. Scores: Barwick, 20; Y.M.C.A., 18.



B. SÖDERSTRÖM, WINNER OF THE POLE JUMP.

D. MURRAY, WINNER OF THE LONG JUMP.

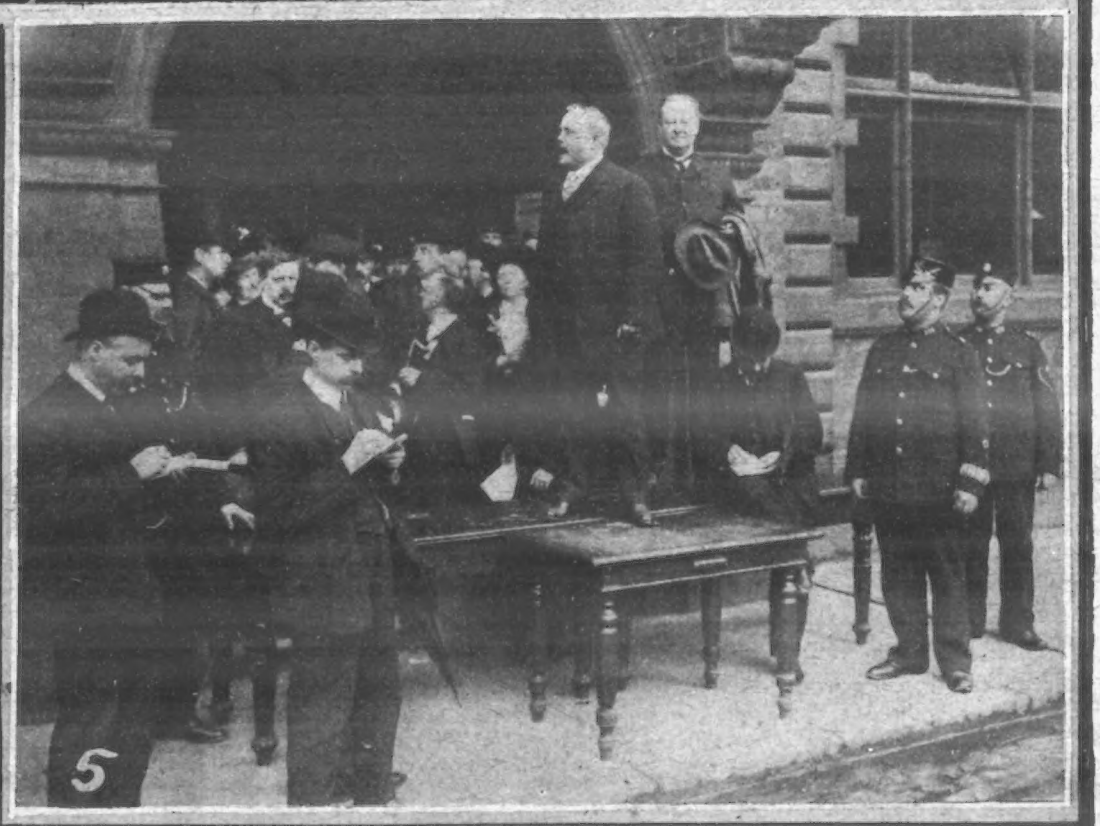


MOTOR-RACING AT THE BROOKLANDS TRACK.
The race for the Montagu Cup.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

RACING ON A ROOF.
Some of the long flat roofs in New York are used as racing tracks, and prove well adapted to the purpose.

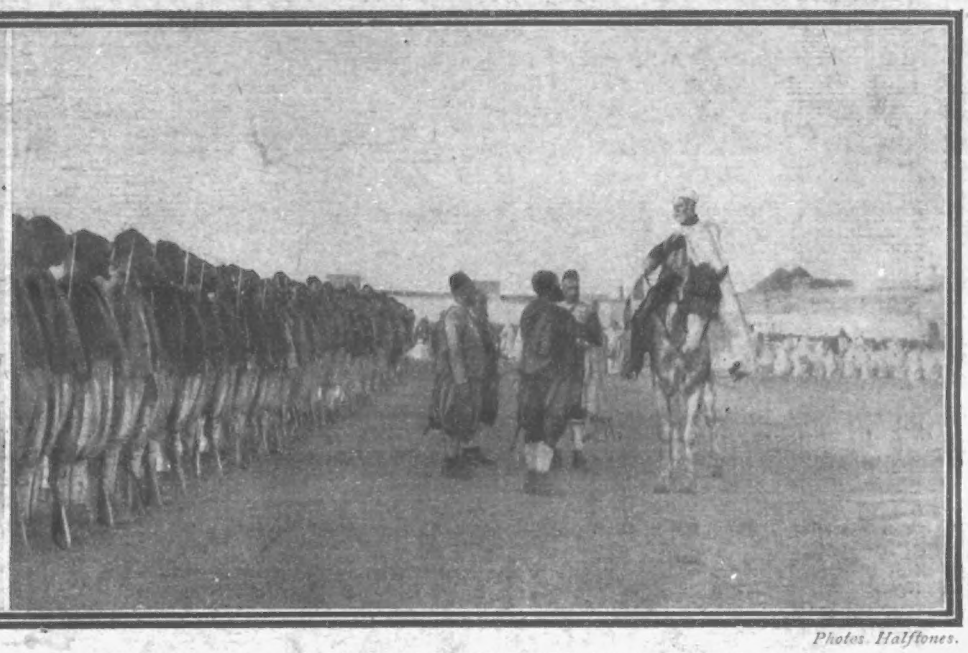
JARROW'S LABOVR MEMBER



The majority of the voters of Jarrow have decided that a member of the working classes shall represent them in Parliament, hence Mr. Pete Curran has been elected Labour Member by a majority of 768 votes. Our photos. show: (1) A procession of electioneering Suffragettes through Jarrow; (2) Mr. Hunnable, who, although refused a nomination, would insist on addressing crowds, who retaliated with eggs, etc.; (3) Pete Curran; (4) The new M.P. and a typical group of his supporters; (5) Pete Curran making a speech after the declaration of the poll.

KAID MACLEAN HELD FOR RANSOM BY THE BRIGAND CHIEF RAISULI.

MOORISH ARTILLERY OUTSIDE FEZ.



Photos. Halftones.

KAID MACLEAN (MOUNTED) REVIEWS THE TROOPS OF THE SULTAN.

THE CAPTURE.

RAISULI, the famous brigand, has once more made history by capturing Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, who has been negotiating for the pardon of the outlaw. The capture was made by the aid of black treachery. The Kaid had been promised security by Raisuli, and the latter was taken at his word. With an escort of only four men, Sir Harry proceeded to Hkmass, when he was informed that he would be detained until the Sultan had granted all Raisuli's demands, which are at present unknown.

Sir Harry Maclean's camp-kit and some personal comforts have been sent to him.

SIR HARRY MACLEAN'S LIFE.

Kaid Sir Harry Aubrey De Vere Maclean, K.C.M.G., was once a subaltern of Garrison Artillery at Gibraltar, now he is Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan of Morocco's army, and a great power in that unruly land.

He is an ardent British patriot—hence his knighthood—and so thorough a Scot that he introduced the bagpipes into the army of Morocco. He was born on June 15, 1848, and crossed the Straits of Gibraltar in 1876.

He was many years ago the subject of a *Vanity Fair* cartoon, and received the Kaiser, on behalf of his Sultan, on the occasion of the historic visit to Tangier which nearly provoked another Franco-German war. He says "Ma' conscience!" when a thing pleases him, just as he did forty years ago.

He retired from the chief command of the Moorish army in 1905, and visited England for several months. At the time of his capture by Raisuli he was acting as the Sultan's intermediary in confidential negotiations with the semi-official brigand chief.

He was the bearer of a letter offering a free pardon to Raisuli if he would return to Fez and dwell there—under the Sultan's eye. He also bore gifts, and Raisuli has impounded the ambassador as well.

In 1904 the Kaid and his family were attacked by a tribe near Tangier, but the hostile Moors were fought off, and he reached Arzila in safety. This is the first time he has been held in captivity.

He is a most trusted friend of his master, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, "The King of the Age, the Prince of Believers, my lord El Hasan."

First of all he was musketry instructor-in-chief to the Moorish army, and taught the Moors to shoot. Then he was rapidly promoted. He has lost the sight of one eye, but the other is as good as an ordinary pair. He has fought jealousy, the cholera scourge, and hostile European diplomacy with equal pluck, persistence, and triumph.

MOORISH TROOPS IN CAMP. (NOTE THE WANT OF ORDER AND DISCIPLINE.)

In the meantime, his property was sequestrated, and he vowed not to cut his hair till he had secured the disgrace of the officials who had deprived him of his lands. So he took to kidnapping as a profession, and it has made him famous.

By capturing Mr Varley, an American, and an Englishman he obtained his appointment as Kaid of the tribes south of Tangier. He stipulated for this dignity as the price of their surrender to his Sultan, on whom the British and American Governments were bringing great pressure, including war-ships.

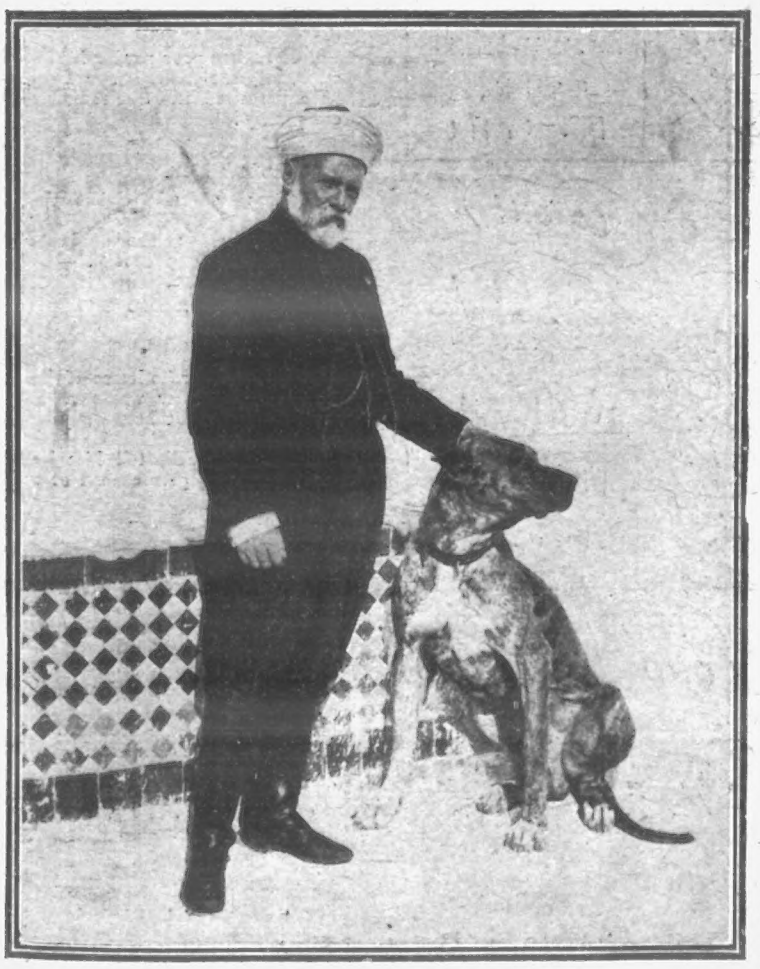
His white skin looks the whiter for his intensely black beard. He has been found a pleasant companion by many Englishmen, including Mr. Walter Harris, the *Times* correspondent, who has often entertained him during a periodical descent of Raisuli from the mountains. But the brigand did not hesitate to capture Mr. Harris and hold him to ransom when it suited him.

He knows neither fear nor compunction, but is not brutal as a general rule, though his men have committed horrible enormities. Peaceful men and women have been flogged in market-places with knotted cords over and over again.

His manner is quiet, his voice soft and low, and his expression sad. He smiles, but never laughs. He is haughty with his followers, and they treat him with extraordinary respect. On the whole, he is a remarkably handsome and strong man.

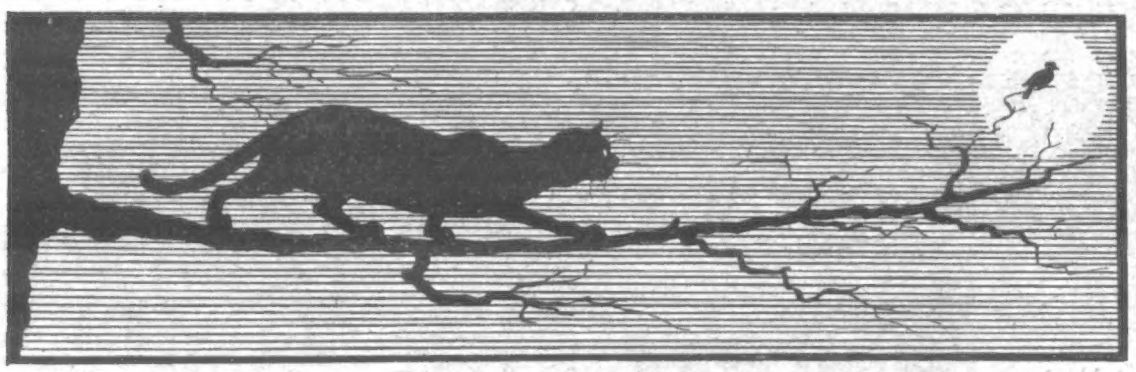
RAISULI'S RECORD.

RAISULI, the Moorish brigand, or Mulai Ahmad bin Mohammed bin Abd Allah er-Raisuli, to give him his full dignity, is a shereef, or direct descendant of the Prophet, thirty-eight years old. Fairly well educated, he fell into bad company, took to cattle-lifting, highway robbery, and was imprisoned for three years.



KAID MACLEAN AND HIS MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND—HIS DOG.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AND ONE OF HIS EUROPEAN OFFICERS. (THE SULTAN IS IN WHITE.)



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Placing the Blame.

"I wish to complain," said the newly wedded lady, "about that flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, Ma'am?" stammered the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made a piecrust with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

Settled.

"In every house, Miss Sharpe," said young Mr. Hamshaw, with some agitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honoured guest. In every heart, too"—and he laid his hand impulsively on his chest—"there is a spare room——"

"And we find one, too, in so many heads!" murmured the young lady.

"Miss Sharpe — Irene!" the man exclaimed, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you——"

"Only one, Mr. Hamshaw?" she asked, dreamily.

"Do not mock me, Irene! It shall be a whole suite if you like. More than that! You shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so; and if that isn't enough, we'll tear down and build bigger."

"This spare room — this suite of rooms, Arthur," said the lady softly, "that you are speaking of—how—how are they furnished?"

"In first-class modern style, Irene," replied the young man, with a business-like ring in his voice. "My rich uncle Jaye died last week."

"Say no more, Arthur," whispered the girl softly, "I'll take them all."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

A Last Resource.

The array of evidence was greatly against Georgie, and yet he stuck to his guns. He had not been to the jam cupboard—in fact, he was not sure that he knew where it was, or whether he even knew what jam was. Besides, he was "out playing" when the thefts occurred, and if the maid, Ellen, said she saw him in the vicinity of the said cupboard, Ellen's regard for truth required investigation.

"But, Georgie," interpolated his mother, "I also saw you."

The bottom having fallen out of his argument in this unexpected fashion, a cloud came over Georgie's face. It seemed that the case for the prosecution was as good as won, when certain talk he had recently heard recurred to Georgie.

"Ah, well," he said resignedly, "I 'spect that double of mine has been up to his tricks again!"—*Chums.*

Finally.

A good story is told of an old lady who has attended a certain parish church for many years. A new minister had been appointed to the parish, to the disgust of the old lady, who had been a staunch admirer of the preceding occupant of the pulpit.

She stood it well for a week or two, and then she began to compare the new man with the old—greatly to the latter's advantage.

At length the Vicar, who had heard of the state of affairs, stopped her one Sunday morning and tried to smooth matters over.

"I don't like your sermons," said the lady.

"My dear Madam," replied the Vicar, "he would be a clever man who could please everybody. Why don't you like them?"

"You read them."

"Granted. But so did my predecessor."

"You read them badly," was the old lady's next objection.

"Well, Madam," returned the Vicar, somewhat taken aback, "that is a matter of opinion. Have you any further objection?"

"Yes," snapped the old lady; "they ain't worth readin'!"

After that the Vicar gave it up.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Vice Versa.

Angus MacTavish was the only grocer in the secluded little Scottish village, and he was earnestly going about his business recently, when a little old woman entered his shop.

"Did ye no dismiss my lad this morning, after he had served you for a week as errand-boy?" she asked.

"Yes," said the grocer; "I did. I am sorry to say that he was far too slow and lazy."

"Weel," said the woman, "it's like this. He's rather to be pitied. He's whit they ca' a somnambulist—walks in his sleep, ye ken——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the grocer. "That's all right. I could get on quite well with a lad who walked in his sleep; but what I can't do is to put up with one who sleeps in his walk!"—*Answers*

Manners!

Not long ago a well-known author was walking with a friend, when a man came up behind him and gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder. The writer turned a surprised face towards the newcomer, who said—

"Look here, you must remember me; now, don't you?".

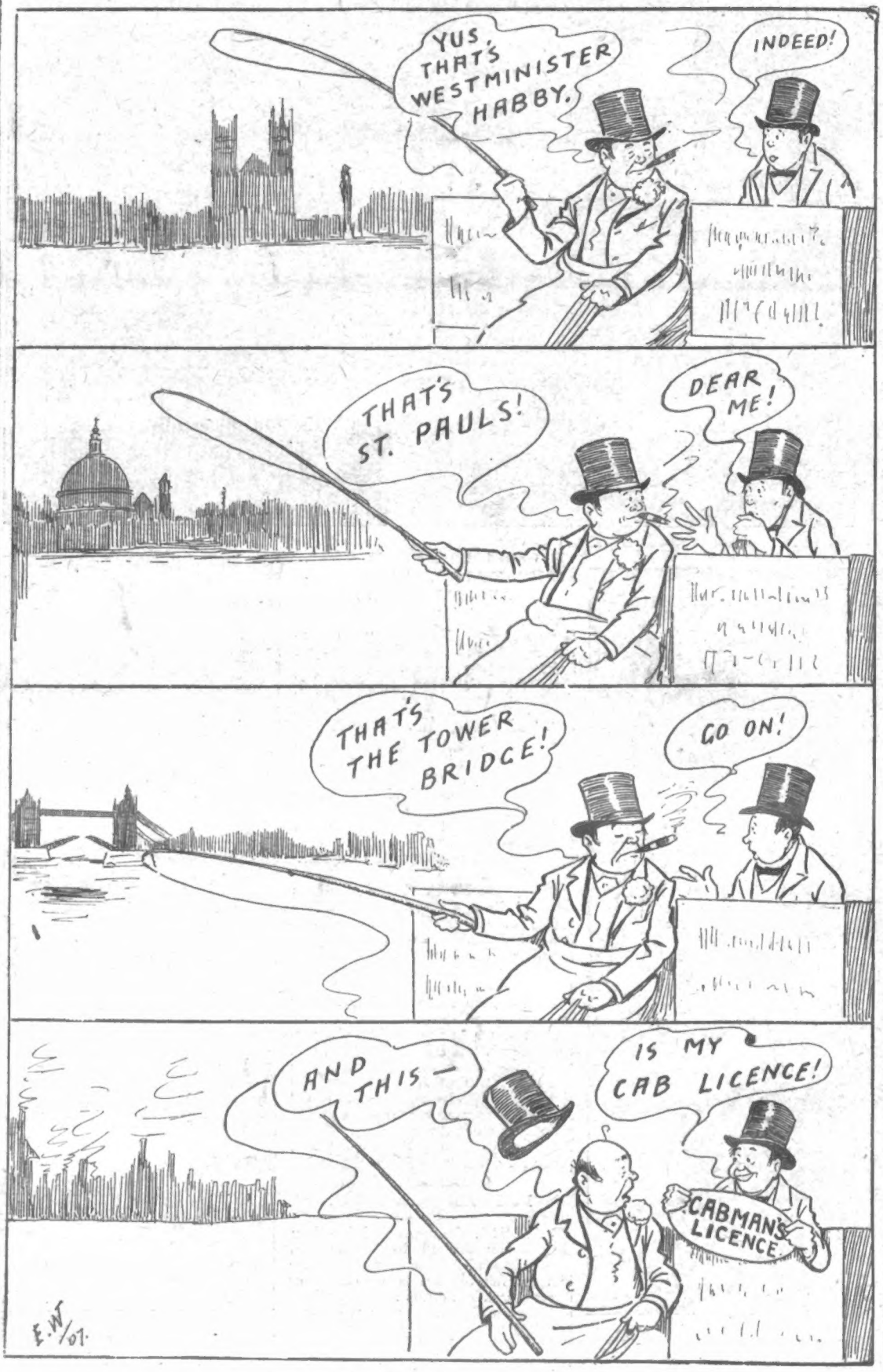
"I can't say that I remember your face," returned the author gravely; "but your manner is certainly very familiar."

A Grand Holiday

"Did Fisher have a good time on his holiday?"

"Yes, indeed. I only saw him for a minute and had no time to ask any questions, but I could see that the skin was peeling off his nose, his neck was so sore from sunburn that he could not wear a collar, his hands were blistered so that he could hardly use them, and he complained that he had rowed until his arms were so stiff that he couldn't hold a pen. Oh, he must have had a magnificent time!"—*Penny Magazine.*

THE OBLIGING BUS-DRIVER AND THE INNOCENT-LOOKING CABBY.



In That Case.

"It is said," he remarked reflectively, "that women's hands are growing larger."

"Yes?" she returned inquiringly.

"Yes," he asserted. "And the worst of it is, that there is every likelihood that this tendency will continue."

"Yes?" she said in the same inquiring tone.

"Yes," he repeated. "You see, the bicycle, and golf, and tennis, and other sports that women have taken up are responsible for it."

"In that case," she said, with a glance at her own dainty hands, "you'd better speak quickly if you want a small one."

The young man realised that it was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he spoke promptly.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Knew Their Weakness.

"Ha, Dick—glad to see you! I've done the trick at last."

"How's that, Poeticus, my boy?"

"Road to riches sure this time. Got an introduction to a newspaper run entirely by women."

"Well?"

"Sent poetry in. Same old story—declined. Sent back: 'Worth £2; special price during the holidays. 10s. to clear stock.' It went with a rush, and I've got a bargain day every week to dispose of a big supply."—*Penny Magazine.*

Better Left Unsaid.

How many remarks would be better left unsaid! Tact is so often missing from human nature that the instances are endless.

Here are some examples:

"Now, do let me propose you as a member of the Club," says Smith.

"But suppose they blackball me?" replies Brown.

"That's hardly likely, seeing there's not a man in the Club who knows you, even!"

A lady, very desirous of concealing the fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor:

"My husband is forty; there are just five years between us."

"Is it possible?" was the tactless reply of her friend. "I give you my word, you look as young as he does."

Artists are often the recipients of their friends' unintentional cuts. There is the case of the wielder of the brush who had just finished a lady's portrait. A critic called in just to chat for a minute, and said of the picture:

"It is very nicely painted; but why did you choose such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother!" calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" from the critic, in great confusion. "I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely!"

Accounted For.

Gladys: "Maude claims that she never talks about others."

Lilian: "No; she's always too busy talking about herself."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Enough Already.

Stage Manager (to lessee of theatre): "Our scene-shifter wants a holiday. He says he hasn't been away for three years."

Lessee: "Well, tell him he can't have one. He gets change of scenery enough here."

Not on That Line.

A porter on the Caledonian Railway went to Edinburgh to get married. Before his departure to the latter place he secured a pass from the head of his department.

On his return he found a new ticket-collector on duty, and, when asked for his pass or ticket, he produced by mistake his marriage certificate.

The strange collector glanced through it, and then said gravely—

"Eh, eh, mon! Ye have got a ticket for a long journey, but it's no on the Caledonian Railway."

"Great Fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."
Kill the lot by using Keating's Powder. Sold in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (full), 9d.—ADVT.

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

EMIGRANTS LANDING AT ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK.

RISKS RUN BY CHILDREN.

IF there is one feeling men and women have in common it is their love of little children. It is this which overcomes the bonds of class prejudice, linking the King and Queen in their palace, surrounded by all the most beautiful and costly things money can buy, with the poor man and woman in their little home, surrounded by the barest necessities of existence, but still made beautiful by their love of each other, and by their love of the children who are at once the seal and symbol of that love. But for the little ones, and the pathetic appeal which their very helplessness makes; the cry for protection which is so often uttered unconsciously, the welcome in the outstretched little hand when the loved face draws near—but for these and all they mean, how many men and how many women would throw up the sponge, and instead of fighting the brave fight and conquering, as all conquer who fight on — would acknowledge themselves beaten in the unequal contest, and fall on the field overcome by force of circumstances.

Even as it is, how many women, the toiling wives of toiling men, are compelled to forego the joy of waiting, as much as they would like to wait, on their little ones, and in order to provide them with extra food, if not with some little luxury, are compelled to devote long hours every day to working for money instead of taking care of the children with whom they have been blessed. It is hard on the children, but it is doubly hard on the mothers who are kept in suspense and are racked with anxiety all the time they are away, wondering whether anything has happened to the baby who has so often to be consigned to the care of a little brother or sister scarcely more than on the threshold of life. It is a grave responsibility to place on the shoulders of children of six, seven, eight, or even ten or twelve years of age, that of taking care of younger children; yet what is a woman to do if she wants to get the best she can for her little ones and to provide them with as good food as she can buy, when she knows that the wages her husband is able to earn by steady, hard work are not sufficiently large to enable her to procure all she wants for her darlings?

If the question were put to the mothers of England, there is only one answer which would come from their lips, prompted by the heart whose beatings with love for childhood no man can ever understand, however much he may love his children, and the mother of his children, if he lives to be as old as Methuselah

That one answer is, "Go out and Work."

It is there, however, the anxiety lies

To little eyes the fire is an overwhelming attraction. For little hands always eager to be employed, dangers lurk in unsuspected places—a box of matches

Photo. P.I.P.

LOOKING OUT INTO THE STREET: A FOOT FURTHER FORWARD WOULD MEAN DEATH.

left on the table, the dinner-knives left in the drawer, even a tumbler or a teacup placed within reach, while sturdy little legs which delight in exercise are only too anxious to climb up chairs that the little head may be popped out of the window, or to go pattering down the steps into the street which represents freedom and a thousand delights to the tiny child.

It is the thought of these things which keeps the hard-working woman's nerves upon the rack as she toils gladly at her self-imposed task. Happily, however, many of these bugbears can be removed and the mother can go forth to her daily toil with the supreme consciousness that she will find all well when she returns home if she will follow out the few words of advice contained in this article.

THE FASCINATING FIRE: ONE OF THE GREATEST DANGERS TO CHILDREN.

It does not matter, of course, that the mother is careful to buy only matches which light on the box, if the box is not put out of the possible reach of the child, even if he pushes a chair to the mantelpiece and clambers on to it. The one safe thing is to keep matches under lock and key. Obviously, however, this is almost an impossible thing to do, for in the event of an emergency no one wants to have to go and get a key and then open a cupboard, possibly in the dark, to get a box of matches. The thing to do is to keep the matches in a cupboard, placed against the wall—an empty cigar-box will do in default of anything else—high above the reach of any of the children, even when standing on a chair. In this way the possibility of a child striking a match and thus setting itself on fire is avoided, and no one needs to be told how often the coroner's inquest reveals the fact that some beautiful little child has met its death in this horrible way, the more horrible because suffering is the last thing on earth which should come to any child, and burning is one of the most terribly painful deaths a human being can die.

How often, too, does one read in these same sad reports of some little child who, clambering up to the window to look out, falls from the second, third, or fourth storey of a house, and is picked up a battered, mangled, almost shapeless mass of broken bones, which a moment before was a laughing, blithesome, happy little creature, full of the joy of life itself, and bringing its measure of joy to those who loved it? Yet windows can be rendered safe by the very simple device of nailing strips of wood an inch wide and half an inch thick across the window-frame, each strip being placed at such an interval that it is impossible for the child to wriggle its head through the space formed by any two of them.

The fire, of course, is always the most attractive thing in the house at all times when it is accessible, for there is apparently nothing children like better than to put the coals on, or to throw bits of paper into the burning coals, to see the bright light with which they burn.

It is often desirable to keep a child within bounds for an hour or so while its mother goes out on an errand. Under such circumstances, a wire should be stretched across the room and firmly fixed at each side. To it a piece of strong string, sufficiently long to enable the child to move freely in any direction, but not long enough to reach prohibited or dangerous places, should be fastened by one end, the other end being tied to a strap round the child's waist or just knotted by itself without the use of a strap. With this simple device in use a mother may leave her little one for a time with the certainty that nothing will happen to it.

Another thing which mothers should impress upon their children is not to play over the drains. The gases which come up from them are liable to be very dangerous, and if a child inhales a few breaths of them, even though they have no smell, the consequences may be very serious indeed, and may bring grief and sorrow into the household, to which children are, as they should be, a joy and a blessing.

Readers when writing Advertisers should mention "P. I. P."

THE DEADLY DRAIN. THE SEDUCTIVE SEWER.

THE REVIEW ON H.M.S. "BUZZARD."

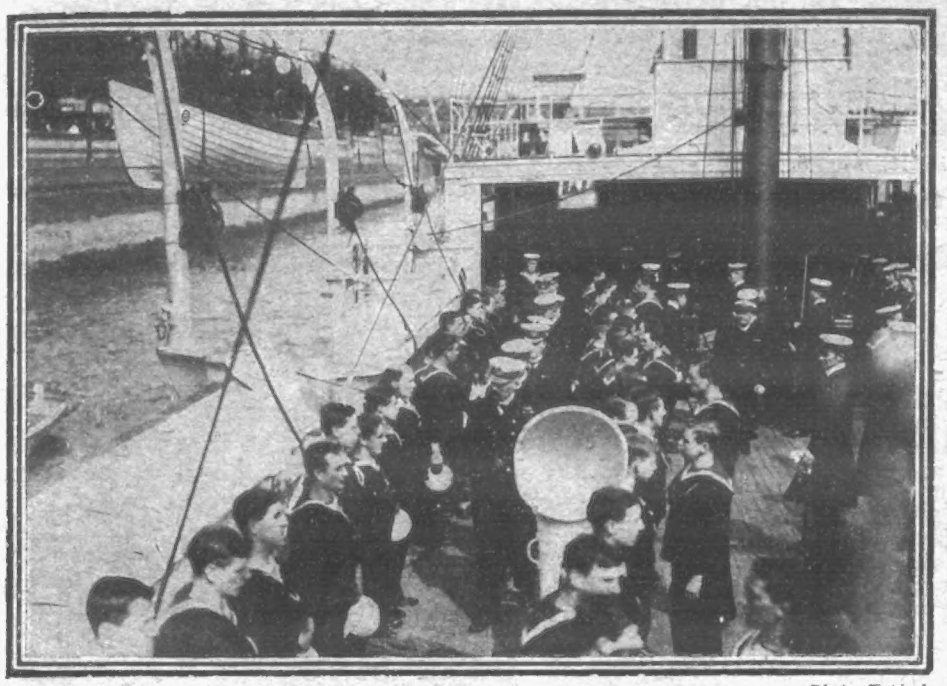


Photo. Topical.

VICE-ADMIRAL HENDERSON INSPECTING THE NAVAL VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD THEIR TRAINING-SHIP, THE "BUZZARD."

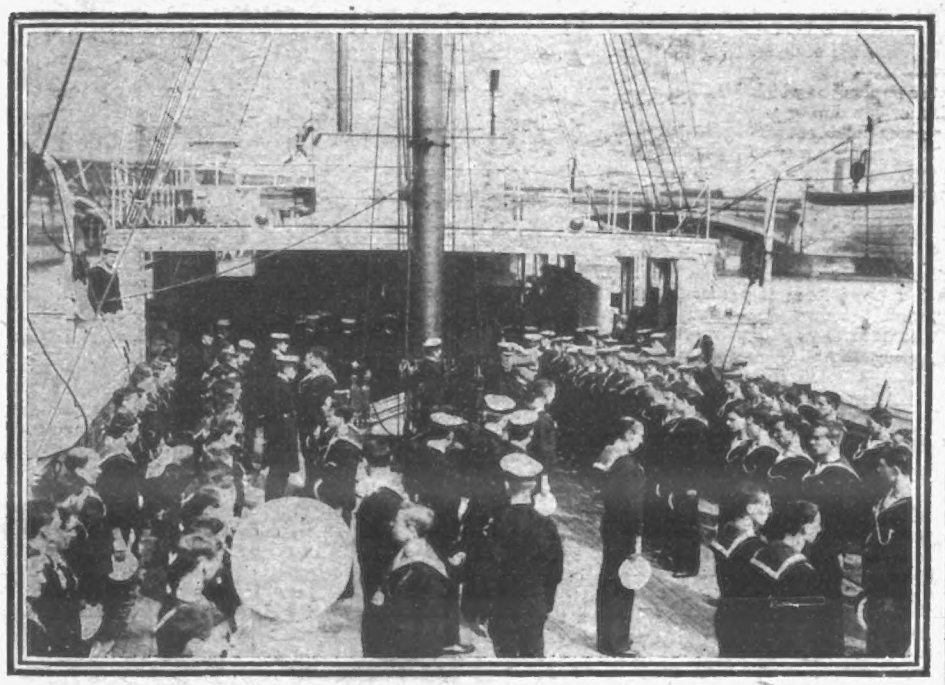


Photo. Topical.

DRILL BEING WATCHED BY VICE-ADMIRAL HENDERSON, WHO WAS MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE SMARTNESS OF THE MEN.

FUTURE BULWARKS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

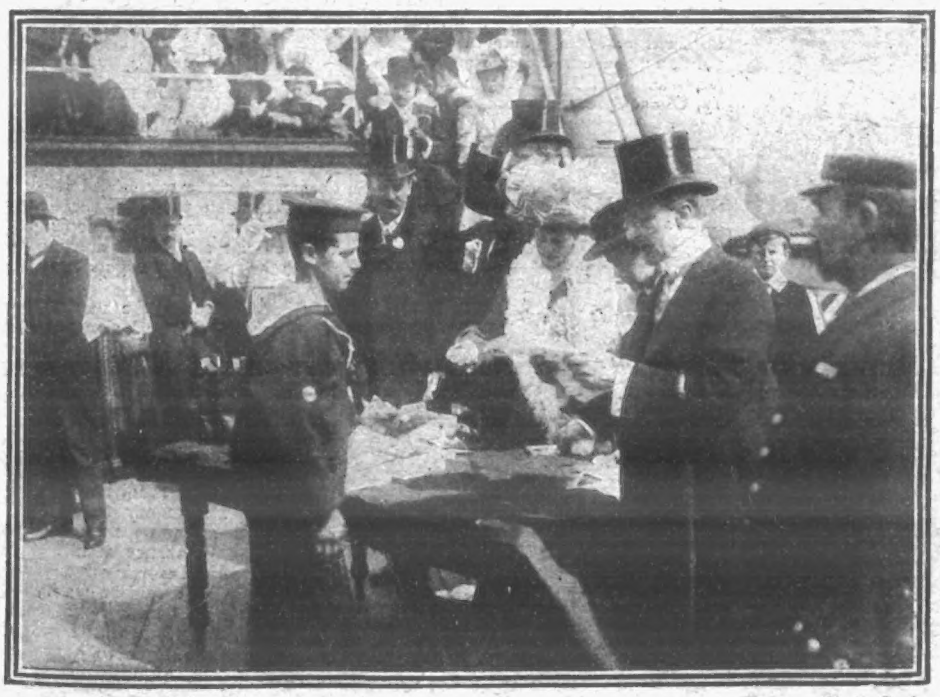


Photo. Parks.

LAST WEEK THE BOYS OF THE TRAINING-SHIP "WARSPITE" GAVE A MOST SATISFACTORY DISPLAY ON BOARD THEIR VESSEL. OUR PHOTO. SHOWS LADY ROMNEY PRESENTING THE PRIZES.

How Millionaires Have Made Their Money.

WISE WORDS TO READERS ON INCREASING THEIR INCOMES.

"The fortune that is built up by careful plodding from small means is the only fortune worth the having."

This remark was recently made by one of America's greatest millionaires, whose present-day income, expressed in dollars, would run into eight figures. The pleasure of seeing the banking account and the income that is started from practically nothing, grow day by day, until it reaches colossal proportions is a pleasure that must fascinate all. With every man and woman there is

WEYERHAUSER,
The Timber King. He could buy up a few Millionaires.

the desire to get rich, and the history of any great money-making exploit is read with avidity. Take the history of John D. Rockefeller.

Some years ago Rockefeller stood in the streets of a great American town with little more than a few cents in his pocket. He was a hard-working young man—a man to see opportunities and make the most of them. He scraped together his first few dollars, until at last he was able to use them in an enterprise in which he alone saw the glint of gold. That enterprise to-day stands as a record of commercial success. The gigantic oil trust of which Rockefeller stands at the head is capitalised to the extent of something like £50,000,000.

The fascinating story of the great Lipton success is not less marvellous. Starting as a grocer's assistant at a few shillings a week, Thomas Lipton saved money until, possessing a little capital, he was able to employ it in the purchase of shops and goods. To-day over two hundred shops in all parts of England bear his name, and he is recognised as one of the leading commercial experts in this country. Another great American is Mr. Frederick Weyerhauser, the timber king. It is stated that he could buy up most of our famous money kings.

Cecil Rhodes' Advice to Moneymakers.

Imagine a fortune of a billion dollars! imagine having to one's credit at the bank the amount of £200,000,000! This income was built up just in the same way as the others, by the careful use of capital got together in days of hard work. "The great thing," said Cecil Rhodes, "is to make a start. Once you have commenced to accumulate and develop, riches follow quickly." Mr. Weyerhauser, with his first few pounds, bought timber and sold it again. With the profit thus obtained he invested in various securities, buying and selling stock, with the magnificent result above stated.

There are many other examples that we could give of men who have known the value of money, and whose incomes to-day are testimony to the fact that money really makes money. Charles

ROCKEFELLER,
Head of the Great Oil Trust. A Multi-Millionaire.

Schwab, the great steel king; Jay Gould, the railway king; J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie—all these men, with fortunes ranging from £2,000,000 to £50,000,000, have built them up by first investing the initial sums at their disposal until they have grown into larger amounts, and then investing again.

Cecil Rhodes, one of the keenest investors of his time, believed most strongly in the adage, "Money makes money, and without money it is practically impossible to do anything."

Although it is necessary to take as examples of financial success such well-known names as have been mentioned, there are thousands of other people who have amassed great fortunes by the judicious employment of capital. While some have locked up their money in "gilt-edged" securities, which are notoriously slow in bringing returns, others have employed their accumulated savings along more modern and fruitful lines, to their very great advantage.

With the science of income-making brought almost to an exactity, the capitalist with but small sums at his disposal can seize the thousand opportunities that present themselves for his acceptance. In former days, when speculation was indeed a serious risk, it was only the giant financial magnates who could build with any certainty of success; but to-day it is possible for the small investor, with but a limited amount of capital at his disposal, to control large financial interests, and obtain the benefits that may result therefrom, thus following the example of a Rockefeller, a Carnegie. It is not suggested that every person with a small amount of money at his disposal will rise to the multi-millionaire stage, but there is something more than a modest competency to be won by the enterprising and fortunate. It is not a very reasonable procedure to lock up money in securities which, of their very nature, can but secure the smallest return on the capital invested. Many a person to-day is receiving a trifling income who, with the necessary knowledge, could easily obtain from the same capital a much larger share of this world's goods.

Money-Making Opportunities.

A great many people know nothing of the remarkable money-making opportunities that lie close to hand, and instead of developing and improving their capital are content to allow it to remain in savings banks or securities, where the interest yield is so small as to be practically worthless. It takes an enormous amount of capital placed out at, say, 2½ per cent. or 3 per cent. interest to bring in anything like a fair income; and while risky speculation should be avoided, there are better methods of

J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
The Keenest of American Financiers.

obtaining maximum results with minimum risks. But how to do these things is probably what people would like to know.

How can I make money? How can I add to my income? The reply to these vital questions is found in a most interesting and valuable book, which has recently been published, and which exhaustively and carefully explains the whole science of money-making, with special reference to the investor with small capital.

A Good Book to Read.

The work referred to, "The Scientific Increase of Income," which is to be given free to all interested, goes fully into the matter of money-making by modern methods, and outlines a system which has for its object the employment of small sums of money to the best advantage. It is, of course, impossible here to give full details of what seems to be a very clear and concise money-making method. Briefly, however, it is a system that has been adopted largely by most of the big financial magnates, but which has been improved upon so that the element of risk is cut down to a minimum, while the possibility for the investor is unlimited. It is not suggested that every reader of the book will become a Crœsus, but it opens great possibilities, and everyone interested should write to-day for a copy, which will be sent gratis and post free.

It is a matter of common knowledge that money makes money, and the history of finance shows what huge fortunes have frequently resulted from tiny beginnings. The value of even such small sums as £5 or £10, employed under this method, is proportionately greater than that of thousands locked away in "gilt-edged" securities. The opportunities for making money were never greater than they are now, and no one should fail to take advantage thereof.

So interesting and valuable is the book referred to that arrangements have been made whereby every applicant may receive a copy absolutely free of charge, and a letter or post-card sent to-day to Messrs. Arnold & Butler (Room 906A), 124, Holborn, London, E.C., will bring "The Scientific Increase of Income" by return of post. No one, therefore, should neglect this opportunity, for, as certain as "time is money," the loss of time means loss of money.

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THERE is little doubt that the house-proud woman exists quite as much in our midst in modern days as in the days of our grandmothers. Indeed, very often it is the woman with a social or business side to her life who, at the same time, takes the greatest interest in the domestic department. She keeps her eyes open for any labour-saving device, and is quick to take advantage of anything calculated to facilitate the daily routine. One of those ever-recurring household tasks which are apt to take the heart out of the most cheerful worker, namely, the washing of plates and dishes, can be considerably brightened by the use of a silk dish-cloth in preference to the ordinary knitted cotton cloth. These cloths have been introduced by Messrs. A. Jarman and Co., of Hull, and can be obtained from them in three sizes. The first size, fifteen inches square, costs only 1s. 6d. per dozen; the next size, seventeen inches square, 2s. per dozen; and the third, which is slightly larger and oblong in shape, cost 2s. 6d. per dozen. These prices include postage. In addition to which, for use in the scullery, kitchen, bath-room, and for general household purposes, they can be strongly recommended.

Useful Silk Dish-Cloths.

Ladies in particular who do much of their own housework—and who does not in these days of domestic upheaval and tribulation!—will find them a perfect boon; for, besides being cleaner and pleasanter to handle, they are easier to wash and more lasting in the wear. Any woman of refinement must loathe contact with a greasy, dirty cloth, and a good servant is not slow to appreciate a superior article. Servants should be taught to do their work thoroughly, but they should also be given every facility in the way of cleaning material to render the work easy and pleasant. I have lately, at the suggestion of one of my readers, used these silk dish-cloths in my own household, and can therefore give them all the weight of personal recommendation, and at the same time feel that I am doing the houseproud woman a service in bringing them under her notice.

For Mistress and Maid.

No doubt many of my readers from time to time, in a similar way, come across some useful article for domestic purposes, the worth of which they have proved for themselves; and in all such cases I shall think it quite a favour if they will write and tell me, so that I may give others the benefit of their experience. Nearly every woman has a favourite recipe or a pet way of doing things which would surely interest others. My aim is to make this page as interesting and helpful as possible, but I am only one, and my readers are many, and their co-operation with me in this respect would be valued and valuable in the extreme. On my part, I am at all times ready and willing to give advice by correspondence on such subjects as dress, social and domestic matters, and affairs of general interest. When suitable, the information requested will be embodied in due course in a paragraph on this page; only, where a private reply is requisite, please do not omit the necessary stamp, and the still more necessary name and address.

A Request to Readers.

Sale times are of advantage to mothers, not only on their little daughters' account, but for their sons as well. Boys cannot be clothed in home-made garments contrived from some useful remnant in the same way as their sisters, and, therefore, when cheap and good ready-made clothing can be obtained for them it is an opportunity not to be lost. Boys' tweed blouse suits, useful for country and seaside wear, are being offered at 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d., to include ages from two-and-a-half to nine years. Cotton washing suits in plain and striped patterns of navy blue, fawn, and sky, and either sailor blouse shape or belted tunic, cost 4s. 11d. to 7s. 9d., and include ages from two-and-a-half to eight years. Then galatea and white drill knickers are sold separately at 1s. 3d. to 2s. 3d. per pair, and sailor blouses to correspond, trimmed dark or light blue collar and cuffs, are priced at 2s. 6½d. to 3s. 11d. Blue serge knickers, than which nothing can be more useful for the ordinary healthy, active boy, are reduced to 1s. 6d. up to 2s. 9d., according to size. In better makes similar knickers may be obtained for 2s. 8d. to 3s. 11d. Complete sailor suits, to include flannel front, Dungaree collar, lanyard, and whistle, range in price from 8s. 11d. to 12s. 6d.

Bargains for Mothers of Boys.

A lace slip is an economical purchase just now for the maiden who will presently have evening parties and Cinderellas in prospect. A very smart unmade robe of ivory-coloured Tambour lace, together with material for bodice, can be bought for 29s. 6d. sale price. The model in question is flounced at foot, and the lace is well patterned and set off with heavy guipure motifs. For a summer best frock it would be a suitable costume on most occasions, either for town or country wear, and after doing good duty in the present would, as before suggested, renovate admirably for winter gaieties. Even in its last declining days a lace frock always seems capable of being turned to account. However torn or fragile, there is generally a sufficiently hardy fragment from which a lace yoke may be contrived, or pieces to delight the home milliner, or even scraps to make a centre for a pincushion. Indeed, endless are the possibilities when an old lace skirt comes to be cut up. In several of the lace motifs, possibly the pattern is quite whole and good, in which case they can be carefully cut round with the scissors and appliquéd on to a blouse, sash-ends, or some other article of dress.

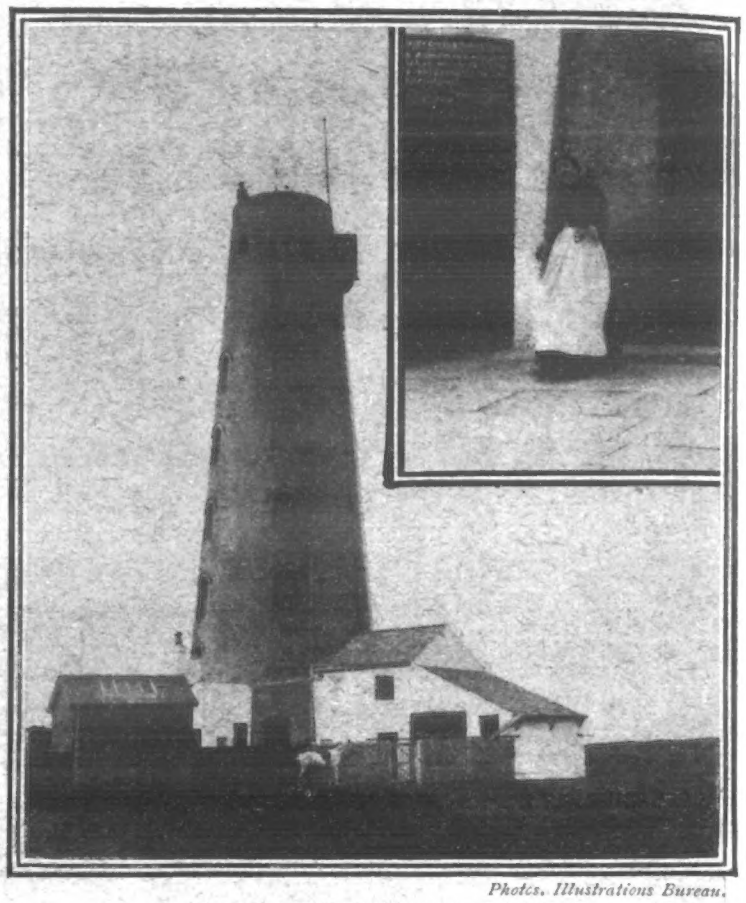
The Possibilities of a Lace Frock.

Women with delicate complexions which are inclined to freckle or tan during the summer holiday at seaside or country may do much to mitigate the annoyance by a simple application of cold-cream well rubbed into the skin before sallying forth into the open air. Naturally, every trace of greasiness must be removed by means of a clean linen rag or chamois-leather, and the face then dusted over lightly with fine rice-powder.

Prevention is Better than Cure.

[Copyright.

A GRACEFUL GOWN.



Photos. Illustrations Bureau.

A WOMAN LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

Seacombe Lighthouse in the Mersey, which for many years has been looked after by a woman.

FAT AT FORTY: WHY?

SIMPLY because there is a tendency, especially with women, to put on flesh with the approach of middle age; and also because proper measures are not always taken to prevent that tendency becoming obstinate. To a large percentage of persons the Antipon treatment will suggest itself, for on every side one hears of the wonderful cures effected by that rational and truly scientific régime; but there are too many persons who have lost heart through having pinned their faith to some method or other which in the end has proved a worse evil than the disease itself. Let these persons take heart again, and give Antipon a trial. A single bottle will at least prove its potency both as a fat-absorbent and a tonic of a high order; and if this small experiment induces the subject to continue the pleasant, simple, and harmless treatment, he (or she) will never have cause for regret. Antipon restores beauty of figure and correct weight when all other remedies have proved useless as lasting cures. Unlike these mere temporary reducers of weight at the expense of health, Antipon destroys the tendency to grow fat, and increases strength at the same time. No foolish dietary restrictions are imposed.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c., or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

DOES CHARITY GO ASTRAY?

(*Continued from Page 18.*)

examining and inquiring into all charities in this country, their management and result. The Commissioners stand for the State, and it is not a happy day for any who are caught tripping in the trust that is placed upon them. Then, working magnificently in the cause of benevolence, comes the Charity Organisation Society, which carefully examines every case of poverty that is brought before it, and enables every charitable institution in the kingdom to administer its funds with the least possible chance of leakage through false channels.

In one direction alone, that of terminating the career of the begging letter writer, it has done incalculable service, and service, it must be remembered, which fattens the purse that is readily opened to those who are in real distress. Here we have only two bodies established upon behalf of those who receive, no less than those who give, but they constitute rather a formidable answer to the busy-bodies who declare that charity is now largely misapplied. Working with these parent bodies there are now something like three hundred societies ready to help those who have fallen on evil days and

CAREFULLY EXPEND THE BOUNTY OF THE PUBLIC.

And this array of organised institutions does not include our hospitals, dispensaries, London parochial charities, and countless minor philanthropic bodies with official staffs and every possible means for rendering a good account of their work.

What more can the most exacting want, except periodical showers of gold and silver for those who are too lazy to avail themselves of the benefits that are theirs for the asking?

It is through such as will not avail themselves of the help of organised benevolent societies that money goes astray, and this must always remain a matter between the individual giver and his purse. For money to be collected on a large scale, no matter by what means, with the chance of misappropriation, is yearly becoming less possible. To fight against organised charity on the score that it brings with it a heavy expenditure in the payment of officials and administrative work, is to quarrel with the first requirements of a successfully managed undertaking of any kind. But to argue that money so spent, and set apart for the purpose of inviting the public to put its hand in its pocket, goes astray, is unfair, and calculated to do infinite harm to the true cause of charity.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

JULY 13 to 19.—July is one of the principal harvesting months, and few readers will need advice on this subject. It is the growing of crops that calls for hints and suggestions, and most of us are adepts at reaping the fruits of gardening labour. Young potatoes should, where possible, be dug from day to day to meet domestic requirements; it is the lazy man's method to dig a week's supply at once, and all the freshness is lost thereby. The wide-pronged fork is the most suitable tool for use when digging potatoes, and the soil should be thrown well forward and scattered, when the tubers may be easily picked up. Shallots should be lifted on a dry day (if one happens to come!), and laid in rows in the sun; if dried in a stuffy storehouse they will probably rot before winter is half through. My sowing plans for this week are very meagre. One small bed of spring cabbage, a little lettuce, some parsley, and a few more flower seeds for next year's bloom sums up the list. The latter seeds are the most important, and small nursery beds should be prepared for their reception. Canterbury bells, wallflowers, lupins, delphiniums, and such growths are included in the plans. Certain seeds may now be gathered in the garden and dried off—polyanthus, foxglove, and so on, and it is a good time to take cuttings or "pipings" of pinks, and start them in shady beds, in the soil of which some sand has been mixed. Just now, I am planting-out celery (as described a fortnight ago), and leeks require the same treatment when ready. The slugs are apt to be specially troublesome in celery and leek trenches, and a little salt and soot should be ousted along the rows and between the plants.

My Garden Plans.

The present is an excellent opportunity for selecting the pick of the herb growths and drying off a supply for winter use. Mint, sage, and thyme can all be treated in this way, and, where possible, the drying should take place in the open sunshine, the growths being spread out on a board or glass, and turned from time to time. The old housewife's plan of drying herbs in the kitchen is a good one. Stretching a line high up near the ceiling, she would suspend neat little bundles of herbs from it to dry by the heat of the fire, and in the longest winter she invariably had sufficient to carry her through.

Drying Herbs.

This year I have been remarkably successful with my strawberries, and have been picking out-of-doors for the past month. My plan is to have three separate stocks of plants in bearing at once, and every year I lay down one new stock and root up an old one. My beds are slightly raised for good drainage, and are less than seven feet in width by forty feet in length, and, by having them so narrow, I find them most easy to manage. Certainly I can hoe and mulch without difficulty and pick the fruit easily, whilst the netting of the bed is greatly simplified. Each year, in July, I prepare the ground for the new beds, digging deeply and manuring liberally. In August I select the strongest of runners from an established bed, and plant them two feet apart, all ways, in the newly made bed. At the same time I do away with the three-year-old bed. It is delightfully automatic. This year, for instance, my last—namely, 1906 bed, came into bearing very early, for the plants were far apart and light and sun reached the fruit. In the 1905 bed plants were closer together, for I had allowed a number of runners to root, and consequently fruit was proportionately later. The 1904 bed (to be destroyed next month) is extremely thick with plants and foliage, and the crop, though excellent in quantity, is only just ripening, and the fruit is small to medium, though ideal for preserving. I can with confidence, after many years' successes, recommend this plan to the amateur.

Strawberry-Beds.

A good many people living in the country could add to their incomes considerably and make their poultry yard more profitable if only they would work up a town connection. The difficulty in towns is to secure reliable produce, and if countrymen would only take up the matter more and bring their wares before town dwellers, it would be to mutual advantage. I have lately been making careful experiments in sending eggs by parcels post, and I have been very successful with those stout cardboard boxes that are now on sale almost everywhere at a very reasonable figure. The boxes are lined, sides, top, and bottom, with corrugated card, and there are partitions of similar material that just take the average hen's egg on end. The outside of the box has printed across it in bold red letters, "Eggs," and if a "tie-on" tag is used, to which stamps may be affixed, the postal people have no chance whatever to cause damage. I have usually placed newspaper over the eggs before putting the cover on the box, and the percentage of breakages and cracked eggs in several journeys has been practically nil. Freshly killed birds, packed first in a clean white cloth and then in a basket, travel by passenger train very cheaply, and it seems to me that if country people would only advertise occasionally in suitable newspapers and consistently send sound, reliable produce, they might soon work up connections that would prove most remunerative.

Poultry and Eggs by Post.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

K. G. K.—Wireworm is undoubtedly the root of your trouble. Get a small quantity of "Vaporine" from the local garden-stores. I have found it an excellent medium for destroying these pests.

MARGARET NUGENT.—You must certainly give your young chickens some shelter from the sun; it is most important. See also that they have plenty of green food and a constant supply of fresh water. (2) Yes. Partridge Wyandottes.

HENRY BOWERMAN (Crewe).—Slugs have been at your young dahlias, rasping away the leaves. A dusting of lime and soot is the preventive.

W. G. L.—A common fault, I am afraid. The soil is undoubtedly too good, and so you have a mass of leaves and few flowers. Nasturtiums always do better in poor, stony ground.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

Photo. Bunnett.

CHILD GARDENERS FOLLOWING "P.I.P.'s" INSTRUCTIONS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO THE

Penny Illustrated Paper.

INLAND	
Yearly	6s. 6d.
Half-yearly	3s. 3d.
Quarterly	1s. 8d.
ABROAD.	
Yearly	8s. 8d.
Half-yearly	4s. 4d.
Quarterly	2s. 2d.

All subscriptions must please be paid in advance direct to the Publisher, 172, Strand London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT	1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED	1d. per word.
PRIVATE WANTS, SALE, or EXCHANGE	1d. per word.
TRADE	1s. per line of 8 words.

Ladies should try our **Silk Cloths** for scullery, kitchen, and general household purposes. In three sizes: 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. per dozen, post free.—A. Jarman & Co., 6, High Street, Hull.

Knitted Corsets.—Improved. Support without pressure. List free.—Knitted Corset Co., Nottingham. Mention "P. I. P."

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63, Oxford Street, London, W. (Estab. 100 years.)

Picture Post-Cards.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 6, St. German's Road, Forest Hill, London.

Photo Post-Cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

Bicycles, £5 5s. Cash, or 15s. with order, and 10s. per month. Lined frames, plated rims, free wheel, two brakes, lamp, bell, pump, spanners. Honest, Reliable Machines. High-grade Tyres. Carriage paid. Guaranteed four years; ten days' approval. Testimonials, photo. Full specifications from the maker, George Beatson, Lion Cycle Works, 80, Moseley Street, Birmingham.

Astrology.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1s., and stamped envelope to Mdme. Zetella, Glen Villa, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope. Mention paper.

15/- FOR ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot-Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long-distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 29/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking-Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.

MIDLAND GUN CO., Price St., BIRMINGHAM.

ELECTRICIANS We train you by post for a good position as an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer, or for Electric Light and Power, Tramway and Motor Car work. Send for free book to Electrical Engineer Institute, 252, Norwich House, Southampton Street, Holborn, London.

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS FOR INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION SEA SICKNESS

Invaluable for Ladies: 8, 14, and 33 stamps.

G. WHELPTON & SON, 4 Crane Ct., Fleet St, London

FURNITURE AT ONCE.

No waiting. No objectionable enquiries. No publicity. Everything for your home on the EASIEST of **EASY TERMS.**

Delivered to your door in plain vans, no matter where you live.

JAY'S

GENERAL TERMS:

£5 Worth.	2/-	Monthly	£30 Worth.	12/-	Monthly
£10 ,,	4/-	,,	£40 ,,	16/-	,,
£15 ,,	6/-	,,	£50 ,,	20/-	,,
£20 ,,	8/-	,,	£100 ,,	40/-	,,

Send or call for our Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free.

345, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.
295, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
CRICKLEWOOD: 140, Cricklewood Broadway
PADDINGTON: 219, Shirland Road, W.
WATFORD: 12 and 13, The Parade.
BRIGHTON: 127, Queen's Road.
SHEFFIELD: 3 and 5, Bank Street.

BASSANO, Ltd.

Royal . . Photographers,

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

SPECIALITY:

Press Photography and Advertisement Designs.

For Prospectus, apply—THE MANAGER

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
MIRTH, MYSTERY, AND SENSATION.
AQUATIC, STAGE & EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE.

BANKRUPT STOCK OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Must be cleared within 21 days.

10,000 PAIRS OF LACE CURTAINS to be cleared regardless of cost.

To clear this enormous stock immediately, we will send our astounding **PARCEL OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS,** containing over 50 Useful and Serviceable articles, which include **Fancy Covers, Linen, &c.,** together with a pair of Lace Curtains, absolutely FREE to any address for Postal Order **2/-** and nine penny stamps. Post your order to-day, and make certain of this Great Bargain.—**Curtain Dept. L, GRATTON MANUFACTURING CO., 9, Barry Street, BRADFORD.**

BIRKBECK BANK.
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ **PER CENT. INTEREST** allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 **PER CENT. INTEREST** on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

JU-VIS BEEF TEA with Valuable Vegetable additions.
A Breakfast Cup for a 1d.

Celandine.

Certain Cure for Corns

Celandine is easily applied, and positively Cures Corns in a week. F. Hurrell, Esq., Chelmsford, writes: "Celandine removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ." Sold in bottles, 1/- ea., by Chemists. Sent post free under cover for 14 stamps by Chave & Jackson, Chemists Hereford. Refuse Imitations. Thousands of Testimonials.

Your House OR **Your Photo**

To Print upon Your NOTE PAPER.

Small Blocks prepared by

LASCELLES & CO.,
Maybury Studios,
WILLESDEN GREEN, N.W.

From 5/- per Block, last a lifetime.

***Eiffel Tower* BUN FLOUR.**

A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

Oatine

Send us to-day either 3d. or coupons from 2/6 worth of our preparations, and we will send you samples of Oatine Cream, Balm, Soap, Face and Talcum Powder, Tooth Paste, Soap in tubes, and book on face massage, all FREE.

The OATINE Co., 113a, Denman St., S.E.

BICYCLES

Delivered on First Payment of

BICYCLES £3 19s. 6d.

Guaranteed 10 Years.

Tyres and Accessories at Lowest Prices.

5/-

Write for Catalogue, Post Free

FRANKLAND,
35, Railway Road, BLACKBURN.

BORWICK'S OVER 60 YEARS' REPUTATION

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. **BAKING POWDER.**

Bird's Custard

SO COOLING!
SO HEALTHFUL!
SO DELICIOUS!

FOR ADULTS AND THE YOUTHFUL, ALIKE, IT FORMS A DELIGHTFUL ARTICLE OF DIET.

with Fruit

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Good Health!

BEECHAM'S PILLS are the "ounce of prevention" which saves many a pound for cure. Keep free from disease and so save worry, suffering, and expense.

The safeguards against all life's common ills are: a Sound Stomach, an Active Liver, Regular Bowels, Healthy Kidneys, and Pure Blood.

Hundreds of thousands—both men and women—keep healthy by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

a remedy that has stood the test for over half a century and is now used all over the civilised globe. They purify the blood, strengthen the nerves, regulate the bowels, aid the kidneys, and cure stomach and liver trouble. They will build up the nervous force and repair the ill-effects of sedentary habits and over-indulgence in eating or drinking.

The best safeguard against indigestion, biliousness, and dyspepsia.

Take BEECHAM'S PILLS occasionally, and you will maintain good health

At Small Cost.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills)

VIM

For Home Cleaning.
For Woodwork.
For Paintwork.
For Glassware.
For Crockery.
For Cutlery.

VIM

Use it Upstairs.
Use it Downstairs.
Use it on Shipboard.
Use it in Factory.
Use it at once.
Use it always.

THE CLEANSER

DON'T APPLY VIM TOO DRY.

THE POLISHER

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on VIM is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

London: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., 172, Strand, aforesaid; and Printed by The London Colour Printing Company, Ltd., Exmoor Street, North Kensington, London, W., Saturday, July 13, 1907.